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YOUNG LADY IN RUNAWAY BADLY INJURED.

Horse Fell on Slippery Pavement and She Jumps Out.

MISS HEATH HAS ANKLE BROKEN.

Accident Happened on Main Street last Friday Evening—Earl Hafner Thrown Out and Escapes with Slight Injuries.

Miss Maude Heath met with a very serious accident last Friday evening on Main street while driving with a young man and as a result both bones in her right ankle are badly fractured, and the young lady will be confined to the house for some time.

About nine o'clock in the evening Earl Hafner, who was driving a spirited horse invited Miss Heath to take a ride with him up and down the pavement. They had driven up to the west end of the pavement and were driving back. In front of the West approach to the court house the horse suddenly slipped, all four feet going out from under him and fell on his side. Hafner had a good hold on the lines and before he realized what had happened or could think to loosen his hold he was jerked over the dashboard and thrown to the pavement. The now frightened animal scrambled to his feet and started to turn around. Hafner in the meantime gathered himself up and made an attempt to catch the horse by the bridle, but only succeeded in getting a hold on the thill and in this position he was dragged to the opposite curb. There his hip struck against the curb with such force that his hold was broken and the horse dashed up Main street at a terrific rate of speed until he collided with a tree on the east side of H. H. Redfield's residence. There he became entangled in the lines and was captured by men who were in pursuit.

When the horse got back on his feet after falling to the pavement Miss Heath jumped from the buggy landing on her feet on the hard brick with such force that both bones in her ankle were broken and she was slightly bruised in several places. At first it was feared that she was injured internally but an examination proved otherwise. Dr. John Clark was called and made her as comfortable as possible and on the following day reduced the fracture. At this writing she is getting along nicely and her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

The horse was cut and bruised some, the worst cut being on one of his legs where the lines wound about that member. The buggy and harness was not damaged.

THEY STRUCK OIL.

Surprise Co. Get Good Well—South Penn. Got Duster.

The No. 5 well of the Surprise Oil Co. on the County Farm near the old B. B. & K. right of way was shot yesterday morning and will be good for about six barrels per day. This well which is located about 350 feet North-east of the big well recently struck by the Surprise Co. was drilled in Sunday afternoon. A large number from this borough journeyed to the well and witnessed this event. Sand was reached at a depth of about 1300 feet and was about 20 feet deep. In less than 3 hours after being shot the well flowed 800 feet of oil in the casing, so it can be seen that the company have got a paying venture. It was the intention of the owners to shoot the well Tuesday but owing to some miscalculation of the shooters this was postponed until yesterday. A large quantity of gas was also found.

Drilling operations on the well of the South Penn Oil Co. located several hundred feet further up the hill and to the West of the Surprise well, were suspended Tuesday. The well struck salt water in the sand and it is said that a very slight scum of oil was found. Rumors were afloat about town Monday to the effect that a well with a production ranging anywhere from 1 barrel a day to 60 barrels an hour had been struck and many old timers very nearly threw a fit. It would seem that these reports were somewhat exaggerated.

A recent visitor said that "In location, environment, healthfulness and splendid buildings, the Lock Haven Normal School was unsurpassed in the entire state." This is high praise but he might have added that in scholarship and in equipment the school is also in the front rank. Write for a catalog.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

Mrs. Jason A. Hall Passes Away on Sunday Last.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Hall, wife of Jason A. Hall, died at her home on High street, this borough on Sunday, July 25, 1909, at the advanced age of 76 years. The cause of her death was hernia, from which she had suffered for some time.

Miss Sarah Ann Garrettson was born at Hector, Thompkins county, N. Y., on June 27, 1833, and on the fourth day of March, 1850, was united in marriage to Jason A. Hall at Daggett Hollow, Pa. This union was blessed with nine children, three daughters and six sons, six of whom are living, namely, Mrs. D. Bell of Olean, N. Y., Mrs. Ben Madole of Athens, Texas, Charles Hall of Conneaut Lake, Pa., B. D. and O. G. Hall of Lima, Ohio, and Jason Hall, Jr., whose residence is at present unknown to the family, who with their aged father deeply mourn the loss of a kind, loving and devoted wife and mother.

About twenty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Hall moved to Smethport and during that time they have made many firm friends. Mrs. Hall was one of these true hearted, motherly women who won a warm place in the hearts of all who knew her. She was truly a home woman and her greatest joy was in making others happy and contented. Although they had been married nearly sixty years they had not completed their honeymoon, but were as loving and affectionate to one another as the average bride and groom of a week. Truly their love never grew cold, and her demise will be an unusually hard blow to her husband.

The funeral services were held at her late home Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating, and her remains were taken to Olean for interment.

Out of town friends who attended the funeral were Clinton Hall and wife of Wayland, N. Y., Clarence Bell and family, Mrs. Charles Warden and daughter, Iva, of Olean and Mrs. Herman Reynolds and son of Buffalo.

BOY BADLY INJURED.

Arlington Waite Broke Arm Monday Night.

On last Monday evening Arlington, the young son of J. W. Waite, met with a bad accident on Main street. A number of boys had been playing at the corner of Main and Hill streets. It appears that Arlington was seated on one of the two wooden horses, situated in front of J. C. Backus' residence, used to close up the newly completed stretch of pavement starting at Hill street. Russell Chapman was riding a bicycle up and down the newly completed pavement and started to pass through the opening between the two horses. He was going quite fast and collided with the horse upon which Arlington was seated with such force as to be thrown off his wheel and jarred the horse so as to throw the lad from his seat to the pavement with much force.

The boy struck on his right arm and fractured both bones between the wrist and elbow. The accident happened about 9:00 o'clock. Arlington went to the office of Dr. Chadwick who attended his injury. He is recovering as nicely as can be expected.

A Delightful Function.

Friends to the number of 40 gathered at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove on West King St., Monday evening, and a fine time was had. The occasion of this delightful function being the 17th anniversary of the marriage of this estimable couple. The evening was spent in playing progressive euchre. Mrs. T. H. Purtle won the high prize, and Mr. Purtle, who, by the way, is a most scientific and resourceful card player, made a desperate spurt as this delightful occasion was drawing to a close, and succeeded in carrying off the consolation prize. During the evening the Odd Fellows' band visited the home and rendered several selections. Elegant refreshments were served and an enjoyable musical program was rendered. At a late hour the guests departed from the hospitable home leaving behind them congratulations and best wishes on the past and for the future prosperity of this popular couple. This sentiment is universal in Smethport, where Mr. and Mrs. Colegrove have resided so long and have legions of friends.

Our Bargain Counter.

Two 2d-hand Vertical Bar McCormick Mowers and one 2d-hand Deering for sale at bargain counter prices. Everything goes—at the Palmer Machine Agency—A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa. 15-3t

Edinboro Normal offers favorable surroundings, fine equipment, and able instruction to her students. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, Principal.

HORSE IS FRIGHTENED BY AUTOMOBILE.

Woman, Baby and Man are Thrown Out But Uninjured.

HORSE HAS A LEG BADLY INJURED.

The Auto and Rig Attempt to Pass on Narrow Road, Monday Evening, About Three Miles Up Potato Creek—Claim for Damages.

At about six o'clock Monday evening a horse belonging to and driven by Charles Bloomster of Newerf was frightened by an automobile and plunged into a ditch. The horse was so badly hurt that she is practically worthless and the buggy and harness was also badly damaged.

At the time of the accident Charles Bloomster, Mrs. Goldie Corbett and infant child were in the buggy and although all were thrown out they escaped with very slight injuries. The baby escaped without a mark. Mrs. Corbett was shaken up a bit and her nose bumped until it bled freely and Mr. Bloomster received several small cuts and minor bruises.

The accident happened about 250 feet this side of the Gallup school house which is about two and one half miles from this borough at a point where the road is unusually narrow. Bloomster's rig was only a short distance behind another rig and we understand that neither Mr. Bloomster nor Fenton Whalen, who was driving Mrs. W. L. Hammar's car, saw the other until it seemed less dangerous to keep on going until they passed, than to stop so close together, and in fact Mr. Bloomster says he was too busy trying to keep the horse under control that he could not raise his hand to give a signal for the auto to stop, but about the time the auto passed him the animal plunged into the ditch and fell down. The carriage was overturned onto the mare and while she was making a desperate effort to get up she cut her right hind leg a deep gash a few inches above the fetlock. At first it was supposed that the animal's leg was broken but later Dr. Dick, the veterinarian, examined her and found that some of the tendons had been cut off, leaving the ankle limp and as useless as though it had been broken.

Mrs. Hammar, who was in the car at the time of the accident, says that although the animal appeared slightly frightened as they came up to it she did not have any idea it would become unmanagable and had no idea an accident had happened until they had driven considerable distance past the rig when she glanced back and saw the wreck. They hastened back to the aid of the unfortunate people, learned the nature of the troubles and offered assistance.

The mare, which is said to be a very valuable one, is practically ruined and Mr. Bloomster has put in a claim for $300 damages for the horse and rig. Mrs. Hammar has an accident insurance which will protect her from loss. This insurance company was notified on the following morning and a representative of the company is expected here in a day or two, when the damages will probably be adjusted and the matter settled up.

Some time after the accident, the animal, hobling on three legs was led to Crosby, where Mr. Bloomster lives, and was swung up in a swing with the hopes that the injured member might be healed and the horse saved, but whether this is successful or not the horse will never be very valuable for driving purposes.

Arrested For Having Fire Arms.

Yesterday after one valuable dog had been shot dead and another wounded, Constable Foote made a raid on the Italian shanties in town and searched them for firearms. Three guns were found and six Italians taken into custody.

Patsey Domenali and Frylenzi Ambrose pleaded guilty of having firearms in their possession and were fined $25 each and costs which were paid. Joe Fuerrie, Henry Farri, John Sardeni and Ed. Vessalo were discharged after being given a hearing.

A law passed last session and signed by the Governor makes it unlawful for unnaturalized foreigners residing in the State to carry or have in their possession (meaning house, shanty, or camp) any firearms and our Constables should see that this excellent law is enforced.

Polishers wanted on heavy cut table glass ware. Apply, Pitkin & Brooks, Bowling Green, Ohio.

MURDER NEAR LUDLOW.

Revolver and Shotgun Duel Between Italians Results in Death of One.

Ludlow was the scene of an Italian duel last Sunday in which Matteo Guerra shot and killed Salvatore Crisci and made good his escape.

A dispatch from Kane dated July 27 says: Coroner Sherman of Bradford was here today and conducted an inquest over the remains of Salvatore Crisci, an Italian, who was killed by Matteo Guerra, on Sunday evening.

The jury empanelled consisted of O. B. Gillis, foreman; Sam Printz, W. H. Bunce, G. D. Jaxon; James Touhey and F. G. Copeland.

A number of witnesses were sworn and the evidence taken showed that the tragedy was the result of a duel in which both the principals took part.

The story in substance was that Guerra had been hunting in the woods Sunday and returning home, found a number of Italian wood choppers visiting with his wife. He was filled with jealous wrath and ordered the men away.

Crisci became enraged and going into the house he procured a revolver. Returning to the yard, he fired at Guerra, but the bullet went wild. According to the testimony Guerra then said: "You shoot me and I shoot you." At the same time he raised a shot gun and fired at Crisci, the charge taking effect in the latter's breast. The injured man was hastened to the hospital where he died Monday evening.

At the autopsy it was found that of the charge from Guerra's gun, 18 shot entered Crisci's breast, two penetrating the heart; two the liver and two in each of the lungs. The others went in less vital places.

The jury, after hearing the testimony rendered a verdict in substance that Crisci came to his death at the Kane hospital, Monday, July 26, 1909, from gunshot wounds received from a gun in the hands of Matteo Guerra.

Up to this afternoon no trace had been obtained of the missing murderer.

The first report was to the effect that the husband of the woman in the case was the one who was killed. This was incorrect. It was one of her alleged admirers who lost his life.

DIED UNDER SAD CIRCUMSTANCES.

Little Clarence Swanson Died Monday of Scarlet Fever.

Clarence, aged between 3 and 4 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Swanson, died at the home of his parents on Bank St. last Monday of Scarlet Fever. The little fellow was taken ill about a week before his death and Dr. Hamilton who attended him stated that it was the most severe case of scarlet fever he had ever encountered. Clarence was a bright little fellow and the circumstances which surrounded his death made it a most sad case.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Swanson was taken ill with typhoid fever and her husband and three children were taken down with scarlet fever soon after. They are all getting along nicely and their ultimate recovery is ultimately expected.

The body of the little boy was interred Monday.

Mr. and Mrs Swanson have the deep sympathy of this entire community in their double affliction.

Harvey Wood Dead.

Harvey Wood, aged about 66 years died at the home of a sister living near Cochecton, N. Y., last Thursday evening, the cause of his death being an affliction of the bladder from which he had suffered for some time. Mr. Wood has resided in Smethport since the coming here of the cut glass plant, where he has been employed as night watchman, about two years ago. He was taken sick shortly after the plant shut down this summer but was not confined to his bed.

About two weeks ago he left for a visit with his aged mother in Metaler Pa. Mr. Wood became suddenly ill on the train as it was nearing Cochecton, and when it reached that place he was removed in an unconscious condition and taken to the home of his sister where he died last Thursday without regaining consciousness.

Mr. Wood was born in Wayne county, Pa., and is survived by three daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Frank Reynolds of this place. He was a quiet unassuming gentleman who made many friends and was highly respected.

The funeral was held at Cochecton Sunday and the interment was made at Long Eddy, N. Y.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

A. NADELKO DIED SUNDAY AT COUNTY HOME.

In Spite of Efforts to Save Him Victim of Shooting Affray Dies.

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

Who Received Fatal Wounds at the Hands of His Demented Cousin — Dometis Gusta—Coroner's Inquest and Autopsy.

Angelo Nadelko, the Macedonian, who was the victim of the shooting affray which occurred in the Oviatt building on South Mechanic street, on the morning of May 26, died from the effects of his wounds at the hospital ward at the County Home at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. It will be remembered that Nadelko and a companion named Costa Kireff, who with a number of Macedonian laborers who were employed on the paving job occupied the second floor of the Oviatt building, had laid off from work for the purpose of taking out an order of relief for Dometis Gusta, a cousin of Nadelko's, who was sick and had been acting queer. The men had returned from town and had reached the head of the stairs leading to the quarters when they were confronted by Gusta armed with a shot gun. Kireff, who was in the lead, sidestepped and Nadelko received the full charge of shot in the lower part of the abdomen. Gusta had intended the shot for Kiroff, who it is said was sort of a padrone who levied toll from the earnings of the Macedonian workmen employed on the paving job and this fact had worked strongly on Gusta in his demented condition.

At the time of the shooting it was not thought that Nadelko could live over a few hours, as his wounds were of a terrible nature. He was taken to the County Home the afternoon of the day of the shooting and placed under the care of County Physician, Dr. Ostrander. Everything possible was done for the unfortunate man at the Home and he received the best of care and treatment. Nadelko possessed remarkable vitality and passed through an attack of pneumonia and an operation after receiving his wounds. Hopes were held out for the recovery of the man as at one time he was gaining strength in an encouraging manner. The forming of puss from the many small shot imbeded in the man's body was the great trouble with which his attendants had to contend and for some time previous to his death he was in a very low condition.

Corner Sherman came to Smethport Monday and held an inquest, as required by law. The coroner impannelled a jury consisting of U. H. Foote, C. M. Colegrove, Peter Connelly, E. W. Jones and Kenneth Mayo, with Sheridan Gorton as forman. The inquest was held at Mr. Gorton's law office. Nine witnesses were sworn but no new developments were brought out. Kireff who was with Nadelko at the time of the shooting could not be located as he was not in town and was not present at the inquest. District Attorney Mayo assisted in the investigation.

The substance of the verdict reached was that Nadelko came to his death from gun-shot wounds received from a gun in the hands of Dometis Gusta.

Dr. McCoy performed an autopsy upon the body Monday morning.

Gusta who was arrested at the time of the shooting on a charge of assult with intent to kill will now be held on the charge of murder. There is not much doubt in the minds of those who have come in contact with Gusta but that he is insane. He appears to realize that he shot Nadelko but has believed that he was killed at the time of the shooting. He has slightly violent spells at times but as a rule acts melancholy and does not talk.

Nadelko was 29 years of age and leaves a wife and child in Macedonia. His body was interred in the burial plot at the County Farm Tuesday. Much sympathy has been felt for this poor fellow who suffered so much among strangers. The care he received at the County Home could not have been better.

Dr. Ostrander and his assistants labored hard to save his life but in vain. The length of time the man survived after receiving his horrible wounds will attest to this. Much sympathy is also expressed for Gusta whose demented condition led him to slay his own cousin.

The Emory Mill Remnant Sale for the fifteenth time, opens at Bradner's, Olean's best store, Thursday August 5th at 9 a. m. This is the sale the women all wait for. Don't forget the date—August 5th, 1909. 2t

BRADFORD INVITES EVERYBODY.

Old Home Week Festivities August 8-14--Great Reunion Events--Come and Enjoy Them.

Bradford is a good place to visit. It is an up-to-date little city located in the picturesque valley of the Tuna, McKean county, Pennsylvania.

It has a population of over 18,000 and has a well regulated, modern system of doing things. It has three big railroad lines and an extensive traction system in its transportation facilities, has a splendid, healthful location; unsurpassed water—drawn from its own elaborate water system; has 12 miles of well paved streets; excellent sewer system; unsurpassed schools; well attended churches of various denominations; numerous fraternal organizations; clubs, civic and social; military organizations; thrifty, intelligent, progressive people—all imbued with the Bradford spirit; the best hospital in Western Pennsylvania and the finest theatre in the State; a fine line of industrial enterprises, including oil producing and refining, clay, iron and timber working establishments; the only oxalic acid plant in North America; plants devoted to the manufacture of various commodities and numerous attractions of a business, social and general character.

An ideal place for business concerns seeking locations.

Following is an outline of the Old Home Week program:

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8—CEREMONIES DAY.

Special services in all of the city churches. Sermons will be delivered by former clergymen. Special musical programs at each place of worship.

MONDAY, AUGUST 9—CHILDRENS' DAY.

All school children will participate in a parade as one of the special features

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10—HISTORICAL DAY.

Parade showing the development of the oil country since the time of the early oil excitement, to date. Special gatherings, including a colonial ball, etc.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11—MILITARY DAY.

All of the military organizations of the city, including Company C, 16th regiment, N. G. P., the several companies of the Boys' Brigade, etc., will constitute a parade. Visiting military organizations are also expected.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12—FIREMEN'S DAY.

Firemen from all parts of the country are expected to participate in the mammoth parade in the afternoon. Many fire companies have accepted invitations to come to Bradford and make this a red letter day. The firemen's monument at Oak Hill cemetery will be unveiled with appropriate exercises, etc.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13—LABOR DAY.

The local labor organizations with many vistors will take part in the parade. There will be an industrial feature in the parade which will eclipse anything ever seen in the line before in Bradford.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14—AUTOMOBILE DAY

Bradford's many automobiles will participate in a parade and there will be a program of races, etc.

The complete program for each day will be prepared and ready to mail to inquiring former Bradford people and others.

Monument to McKean's Veterans.

A SILENT SENTINEL.

I stand on glory of eternal hills,
Listening to wind-harps, birds and rills.
Gazing through arches of gold, in the West,
To hear "the Reveille" where comrades rest.

Through pelting storm, through heat and chill,
"Front Face," with my musket, stolid: still;
In this solemn greenwood, where zephyrs play
I wait for the coming, and departing day.

My crown is made of eternal sun,
Which blushes crimson when day is done,
I am "Silent King" of a city white,
My loyal companions are Darkness and Light.

The cypress grieves with the sobbing pine,
For marble spires grow thick with Time,
But myriad stars in purple skies,
To aching hearts make sure replies.

My music; weird voices of morning and night,
When elfin shadows dance with delight,
My jewels of dew flash in moonbeams clear,
While I guard the mounds of comrades dear.

With my baton, a sun gleam of Celestial hue,
I beat the rythm of melodies we knew,
Songs we sung when we marched by the shore
Of Potomac's deep flow, where we'll march never more.

Under the dome of midnight skies
I wait for morning's splendor to rise,
When fierce winds moan, and thunders boom,
When dreary clouds shadow earth, with gloom.

"Front Face," with my musket, stolid, still;
I wait through shadows and December's chill,
In this desolate greenwood, bleak, barren and gray,
But desolation is glorified by blossoms of May.

C. E. HARRINGTON.

WAS FALSEHOOD JUSTIFIED?

How a Mother's Love Overcame Her Moral Scruples.

By OLIVE HARPER.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

Solomon Beardsley sat tilted back in his big rocking chair with his feet upon a stool before the glowing base burner stove, smoking placidly.

His wife was in the kitchen beyond finishing her housework before going to bed. She was too weary to even sit down in the parlor, and, besides, there was no easy chair for her. As she came through the room an anxious look crept over her face and into her dim eyes. She stood near the man for a few moments hesitatingly, as though she fain would speak. Solomon noticed her hesitancy and, taking the pipe from his lips, asked shortly:

"What's keepin' ye?—It is almost 10 o'clock. Ye'll oversleep in the mornin'."

By a great effort she asked huskily:

"Hasn't Charlie come yet?"

"No, not unless he has sneaked in the back way," was the reply.

"He never sneaks," said the mother, with a slight show of spirit.

"Humph! And see that you don't go puttin' notions in his head."

"About Loreny?"

"Yes; about Loreny Stonyer or any other gal hereabouts. I don't intend to let him make a fool of himself at his age."

"He is thirty."

"That don't make no difference. He's too young to marry, and we need his money."

"No, we don't need his money, Solomon, and you know it. He is a good son—dutiful and industrious. It is time he did marry and settle down here. If you continue he may go off to some big city. They tell him he's got such a fine voice that he'd make no end of money to sing in the opera."

"Don't you dare to put such ideas into his head! I won't hev it. Church choir is good enough for him, and—well, it is my duty to watch over him. I don't want him to make a bad bargain—like—"

"Meaning me?"

"No, no, Marm—I got a good bargain in you [illegible]."

For a moment the tired, worn woman looked at the wrinkled, nearly bald, toothless old man on whose face lines of ill temper and avarice were drawn, and then with her candle she went off up to her room whispering to herself:

"No; he did not make such a bad bargain—for himself. He had my youth, my beauty, my capacity for work, and this farm and $3,000. In exchange what did I get? A bare, scanty living and unending toil for all these years. No; he did not make a bad bargain, but I will not stand aside and let him spoil my boy's life. No, I will not have it."

Soon after the tired mother had gone up the stairs there was a step outside and then a knock. Laboriously Solomon put his feet to the floor, for his rheumatism troubled him, and with his back bent the father opened the door to his only son. Solomon worked as hard as any member of the family in spite of his pains and aches, but his great desire to get rich made even his toil not unendurable.

THE WOMAN LOOKED AT THE OLD MAN.

Charlie stood at the door waiting for his father to open it. He had never been permitted a latchkey.

Charlie had grown up to believe in his father as an oracle and to listen unquestioningly to all his platitudes. In this he had always been aided by his mother, who, putting aside her own clearer knowledge of the narrow and miserly character of the old man, had fostered his belief in the wonderful knowledge of this illiterate man. Charlie had never questioned his father's wisdom in his life.

But for the last four years Charlie had been going to the church and choir meetings regularly, and there were several very pretty girls among the singers. Charlie's voice was a beautiful, pure tenor, developed in the clear air of his outdoor life.

Laurena Stonyer had a voice, too, but hers was a deep, sweet contralto, like the sweetest notes of a cello, a voice that drew and played across the very heartstrings of those who heard her. So it is not remarkable that they had awakened new desires in the heart of the young man. And this was what the father feared. If his son were to wed Laurena he would naturally go to live with her people, as her father was dead.

If Charlie left home his father would be obliged to hire two men to do what they had managed between them, with the assistance of the mother. It was not so much that he had anything against Laurena as that he did not wish his son to leave him that had actuated him until now. He had talked frankly with his son and told him many things, all calculated to wither any budding sentimentalism.

So now Charlie had entered the parlor with heavy feet. He knew what was to come, and he knew what had gone before—yes, only a short half hour ago. No wonder his heart was heavy.

"Well?" said his father, eying him with disconcerting scrutiny.

Charlie held his peace. In fact, he could not trust himself to speak. His eyes were cast to the floor and filled with unspeakable despair. He could not trust his voice. His father sat down with his aching feet on the floor instead of the stool and again uttered the one word that meant so much:

"Well?"

Charlie was so handsome, with his brown curling hair, his gentle brown eyes, his big frame and tanned cheeks, that the old man felt a thrill of pride, but he never allowed that to check his determination to have from his son the last word of what he knew he was trying to withhold. Finally Charlie looked up once at his father, whose sharp glance showed him the misery in the soft brown eyes of his son. Again he said "Well?" adding that he was listening. Finally Charlie lifted his head, saying:

"You need not worry. It is all off."

"What's all off? Tell me the hull thing from first to last."

"We finished our practice, and all started for home, and the rest hurried off, but Laurena and I, we walked along slower. She said she had something to say that she could not put off. So we walked along."

"You said that before. It isn't to be supposed that you rode along or flew along or sailed along. Go ahead."

"Well, you know, father, that I am fond of Laurena. I told you from the beginning"—

"And so you've been and asked her, you ungrateful boy, after all I've said and done"—

"No, I haven't asked her nor told her, but I feel as though I should have done so. We walked among the graves and didn't talk much at first. Then she said: 'Charlie, I want your advice. We have been such good friends always.'"

"Yes, I see, I see. She thinks you can be caught with such chaff, but go on, go on."

"I said that we had, and then she continued: 'You know that folks have a habit of taking things for granted. I am not blaming any one, but we have been going together so much—for four years since we grew up—and now I—I think I must say that this can't go on any longer. Bert Jumel asked me to marry him, and I thought I would ask your advice before I answer him.'"

"A trap, a trap," shouted the old man, "and you fell into it like the soft ninny that you are! Didn't I tell you that I'd searched out her family on both sides to see if they had any descending ailment and that her father died of a decline? Didn't I go to their house and eat myself sick twice to find out how they cook and set table, and they're all extravagant? And her sperrits is too oneven. One time she is full of laugh and the next looks all in the dumps. She may know how to sew and keep house, but she cares more about singing than anything. She's too flighty. I won't allow you to have her. I won't, I tell you! What did she do then?"

"Why, nothing," replied Charlie miserably, "for we stood a minute still and silent. I didn't dare to tell her how I felt till I had seen you, and she leaned against old Mr. Stander's monument and cried."

"Yes, she's artful, sly and smart. I give her the credit, but she's got me to deal with. She got tired of waiting for you to bite at her bait and just give it a twitch to make you snap at it. I am older than you and know all about women. You have to live all the rest of your life with the one you choose, and it stands you in hand to look about and see them all—weigh every one's faults and advantages. A pretty face ain't all, nor is a good singing voice. Now, I've pointed out to you the failings of all the others from the time you began going out in society. Jennie Tubbs was too young and too weakly, Annie Stark too silly, Mary Blake too pretty and vain, and so on, and none of 'em could cook or take care of a house, and all of 'em was poor and had a raft of poor relations."

The old man stopped to take breath while Charlie said half heartedly, "I know you are trying to watch out for my good, but, father, Laurena has none of those faults"—

"Never mind that, but go on and tell me. What did you do then when she pretended to cry?"

"I said 'Don't cry' and things like that, but she couldn't stop. I tried to take her hand to comfort her, but she broke away from me and ran as fast as she could. I followed to see that she reached her gate safely and then came home, and, father, I wish you would think it over. I am very fond of Laurena. She is good and handsome, and—and—we love one another. I mean we love music."

"Poppycock and moonshine! Puppy love! She ain't the right wife for you. Now do you go to bed and forget this nonsense. Why don't you start?"

"Father, I am sure this is not puppy love. I am thirty and she twenty-four. We could all be so happy if you would only consent. Father, I want to go to her now and explain why I did not speak before. I feel that I cannot live without her if she does accept Bert."

"Bah! You go to bed!"

Charlie waited a full minute, hoping that his father would relent. But instead the old man turned such a stern and unbending look at his son that Charlie finally went to his room, to throw himself heavily upon his bed without undressing.

Neither Charlie nor his father knew that there had been a listener to this conversation. But there had been. A mother's heart is made of strange stuff. It is made of a stuff that is always on the alert against danger to the children. So this mother had slipped downstairs and had heard the whole story. For a moment she hated the sordid old man. Then she let her love for her boy, her only one, blot out the detestable character of her husband. But she determined to undo the misery he had wrought. She hastily rehearsed the whole story. She knew he was unjust and prejudiced against Laurena, who was a wholesome, healthy, lovely and noble girl. The two children loved one another. She had known it for years by the unerring instinct of a mother. She had pictured to herself the happiness of the two and of herself, and she was going to undo the mischief if she could. So out into the darkness she flew to Laurena's home.

TOLD HER BOY THAT HIS FATHER HAD GIVEN HIS CONSENT.

Laurena had stumbled to the stepping stone near the gate of her home and sunk down on it to sob out her heart's great grief. The poor child had played her last poor little trump card, and it had failed. Now she would give up and accept Bert, but it must be a long engagement, she determined. Perhaps she would get over this in time. But somehow she felt in her heart of hearts that Charlie did love her. So she sat sobbing in this lonely place, and here Mrs. Beardsley found her.

What words passed between these two women should be sacred, but after awhile the tears ceased to flow. The two embraced with great fervor, and Mrs. Beardsley went home prepared to give a battle that should know no surrender and no quarter. Her boy should be no longer treated like an irresponsible child. He should be free. So, with her whole being aroused in defense of her one joy and comfort, she reached the kitchen door and stopped for a few seconds while in her mind she ran over the whole of her life with her avaricious husband. She now knew that in the first year of her life with him she had been almost slavish in her acceptance of his superior wisdom. Perhaps she had unconsciously given her child the same abject obedience to his father's orders. From his earliest days Charlie had appeared to consider his father the one being in the world whose wisdom no one could question, and his misery now was due to this unquestioning obedience. But it should last no longer.

With a firm step and with her lips drawn in one tense line she opened the door to the parlor, with her head high. But all her battle with herself was futile as she saw that her husband had fallen over in his chair, helpless. She knew instantly that he had "had a stroke," as his own father had, and that he would never speak again. He would die with the refusal of his son's happiness as his last words. She knew Charlie well enough to know that he would feel bound to obey that formal and decisive refusal of his happiness even if it broke his heart.

As soon as the old man was laid in his bed and the doctor called the mother sat down beside him and considered the case from all sides. She took a heroic resolution. She whispered a few words to him, asking his consent to Charlie's marriage, well knowing that he could never reply, and then stood up, looking much as a martyr might have done. A wild animal will fight for its young, a partridge deceive to save her brood. Should she be weaker than they? Whether her lie could ever be justified or not she could not tell, but she was willing to leave the issue with the great Judge who made mothers. So she told her boy that his father at last had not refused his consent. His last words on earth had been: "Bah! You go to bed!"

ANCIENT GUNS.

Remarkable Weapons That Were Used by the Turks and Chinese.

At the siege of Rhodes the Turks constructed mortars by hollowing out cavities in the solid rock at the proper angle, and in the arsenal at Malta is a trophy of the long and glorious defense of Valetta in a Turkish gun about a six pounder, composed of a copper tube coiled over with strong rope and "jacketed" with rawhide. In the same collection are some antique "quick firers," breechloaders, with small bores and immensely long barrels, like punt guns. The Malay pirates put great trust in the long brass swivel guns called "lela," and in Borneo these lelas were used as a kind of currency, large sums being estimated in guns.

The Chinese cast excellent bronze guns (there is a fine specimen of them in Devonport dockyard), but so little did they understand gunnery that in the so called "opium war" the forts of the Bocca Tigris, defending the Canton river, had the guns built immovably into the walls. The Sikh gunners opposed to England in the two Punjab wars, though they loaded with amazing recklessness, shoveling in the powder from open boxes, stuck to their guns to the last. The blood of the first man killed was smeared on the gun, and the whole detachment died beside it sooner than retreat.—Chambers' Journal.

Too Much of a Tonic.

When Mr. Chinchin returned home from Chinchin & Chinchin's the other day he found his wife lying worn out upon the sofa.

"Nothing wrong, I hope!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I shall have to stop that tonic the doctor prescribed for Tommy," Mrs. Chinchin faintly murmured.

"Why? Isn't he any better?" asked Chinchin.

"Oh, yes, but I think the tonic must be too invigorating. Why, he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the hall lamp, two vases, a water jug and a looking glass, tied a tin can to the cat's tail and scribbled his name on the drawing room paper. Of course it's very gratifying, but I don't feel I could stand much more, so I think I—I'll stop the tonic."

Bats Inside Bamboo.

The cutting down of a clump of bamboos in the royal botanical gardens, Singapore, shows that the hollows in the stems of these plants may afford a dwelling place for bats. On the splitting of a joint three bats flew out, and it was perceived that others were within. Care was taken to prevent further escape, and later examination of the joint revealed the presence of twenty-three bats in the hollow. Four of these were adult females and nineteen young ones. Other bamboo joints were also found to contain a number of bats. The species is known as Vesperugo pachypus.—London Scraps.

MATHEMATICAL SIGNS.

Origin of Plus, Minus, Multiplication and Division Symbols.

The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the top part of the "p" was finally placed near the center; hence the plus sign as we know it was gradually reached.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted in m. n. s., with a horizontal line above to indicate that some of the letters had been left out. At last the letters were omitted altogether, leaving only the shore line.

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into the letter "x." This was done because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition.

Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above a horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing, the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right. After years of "evolution" the two "d's" were omitted altogether and simple dots set in the place of each. As with the others, the radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix."

The sign of equality was first used in the year 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who substituted it to avoid frequently repeating the words "equal to."—St. James' Gazette.

UNCLE SAM.

The Way Our Nickname Is Said to Have Originated.

This familiar nickname for the United States is said to have come about in the following manner:

During the war of 1812 the United States government entered into a contract with Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. Whenever the United States buys anything from a contractor it appoints an inspector to see that the goods are up to the specifications. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson. He was a jolly, whole souled man and was familiarly known as Uncle Sam.

It was his duty to inspect every box and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and if the contents were all right the cargo was marked with the letters "E. A.—U. S.," the initials of the contractor and of the United States.

The man whose duty it was to do this marking was something of a joker, and when somebody asked him one day what these letters stood for he said that they meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam.

Everybody, including Uncle Sam himself, thought this a very good joke, and by and by it got into print, and before the end of the war it was known all over the country, and that is how the United States received the name of Uncle Sam.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

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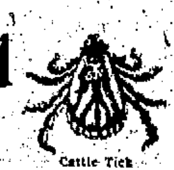

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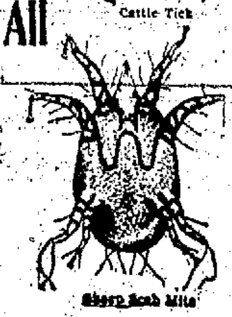

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 20, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The death of Rose Vanderhaul of Port Allegany, occurred Tuesday of last week, after a several months' illness of nervous breakdown.

—The saw mill of Albert Main at Port Allegany, was destroyed by fire last Thursday, causing several hundred dollars loss, with no insurance.

—Mrs. T. W. Camp gave a party Monday afternoon in honor of the first birthday of her granddaughter, Miss Katherine Pomeroy of Port Allegany.

—Negotiations are nearly completed whereby Charles O. Gash will become owner of the Weaver hotel, of which Mrs. Clara B. Smith is now proprietor.—Bradford Star.

—Hon. A. Nevin Pomeroy, editor of Repository, Chambersburg, Pa., was elected president of the National Editorial association last Friday. The nominating speech was made by Hon. R. P. Habgood of Bradford.

—Jacob P. Lill, a noted crook was arrested in Bradford Sunday. Lill was wanted in Rochester N. Y., where he is suspected of robbing a jewelry store of goods worth $1200. The arrest was one of the most important made in Bradford in recent years. He waived extra-proceedings and was taken to Rochester Monday.

—W. E. Young, another stockholder of the defunct Eldred bank, was arrested in Eldred on Saturday, on a charge of violation of the banking laws. The prosecutor is Samuel McAuliffe, of Sartwell, the same depositor who caused the arrest of J. D. Downing, of Meadville, another stockholder and former president of the bank. Mr. Young gave bail for his appearance at the next term of court.

—Now is the time to start cleaning up Smethport for Fair week.

—Employes of the various enterprises of which Lewis Emery is the head, accompanied by their wives and children to the number of 500 enjoyed a picnic near Custer City last Saturday as the guests of Mr. Emery.

—Judge Ormerod of Coudersport, who punched John Eckert in the face when the latter tried to offer him a supposed bribe, regrets the slapping incident and his loss of temper. Eckert, who is now in prison, may get the transfer. It is said that Eckert, who bears an excellent character, merely meant to pay Judge Ormerod the license fee and had no intention of offering the money to the judge as a gift or bribe but through ignorance of the formality of such things, had offered him the supposed bribe.

—Peter Seel, a well known resident of St. Marys met death while walking in his sleep last Thursday evening. He had been a sleep-walker all his life and at 10:45 he was missed from his bed and a search was instigated. In the search his daughter Rosa stepped outside the house and just off the porch she found her father. An examination showed that he had broken his neck, death being instantaneous. There were slight marks on his forehead showing that had alighted on his head in the fall. The distance he fell was not over three or four feet, and he had alighted on the ground and had not strnck any unusually hard substance.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. O. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

RACE WAGERS IN INDIA.

Native's Method of Choosing a Winner and Making Bets.

The native of India wagers his money according to the colors worn by the jockeys and takes no heed of the merits of the horses, or he will back a horse ridden by his favorite jockey, no matter whether the animal is a rank outsider or not.

His ideas of gambling, in fact, are distinctly novel. Some of the more wealthy Indians form rings and back every horse in the race, thus gaining the satisfaction of getting a winner every time. It is really only of late years that the native of India has become a habitual gambler on the turf, and nowadays the bulk of the betting of the various racing centers in India is done by natives. Indeed, the authorities are somewhat concerned about the growth of the betting which takes place among Indian natives, it being asserted that as many as thirty lacs of rupees (about £300,000) is lost and won in the course of a season.

The ignorant masses have not a great deal of actual money to wager, but so badly bitten are many of them with the craze for betting at race meetings that they frequently wager what little property they possess on a horse, and if they lose they simply replace their loss by stealing a neighbor's goods. The consequence is that when the racing season comes around the police are kept very busy dealing with cases of petty larceny and other crime involving loss of property.—London Tit-Bits.

NOT ANNOYED.

The Directors Were Rather Pleased at the Barrister's Refusal.

Mr. Reader Harris, K. C., was once offered a brief marked 50 guineas on behalf of a railway company that wished to obtain a refreshment license for a particular railway station. He returned the brief on conscientious grounds, but later on it was sent back to him with a fee of 100 guineas marked on it. This time he returned it with a note in which he explained that his refusal was due to a matter of principle. Subsequently he met one of the directors of the company and expressed a hope that he and his colleagues were not annoyed at his conduct.

"Not at all," said the director. "I'll tell you all about it. So-and-so, the big brewer, was sitting on the board for the first time at the meeting at which the solicitor reported that your brief marked 50 guineas had been returned. 'Who's this psalm singing humbug?' he asked. 'Mark the brief 100 guineas and I'll bet you anything you like he'll take it.' 'Oh, you will, will you?' asked the chairman. 'You see, we all knew you, Harris. We took the brewer on at 5 to 1 in five pound notes. He booked the bets with every one of us, and he has paid up."—London Scraps.

A Curious Receipt.

Hanover's registrar discovered a very curious document some time ago as he was looking through a bundle of papers that date back to the eighteenth century. The document is a receipt—probably the only one of its kind in existence—which was given to a Hanoverian captain by a canon of Duisburg during the Seven Years' war.

"I, the undersigned," it reads, "hereby acknowledge that I have received fifty blows of a stick, which were inflicted upon me by a lieutenant of Captain B.'s regiment as a punishment for the stupid and frivolous calumnies which I have uttered in regard to the regiment of chasseurs. For my imprudent words I now admit that I am profoundly sorry. I received my punishment lying on a heap of straw and held by two men, and I bear testimony to the fact that the officer struck me as vigorously as he could with a stick that was as thick as my finger.

"In proper form and with due gratitude I sign this receipt and avow that all therein is true."

Hard to Kill.

A crocodile's tenacity of life is most remarkable. "I remember one time," says a traveler in India, "I was with a shooting party on the Ganges when the natives brought in a six foot crocodile. They hoped some one would want to buy it, but no one did, so it was determined to kill the creature. It was hauled out of the tank and tied to a tree. Bullets from a small rifle or an ordinary gun seemed only to irritate the saurian, nor did he seem to care very much when a native thrust a spear down his throat. Finally they were obliged to dispatch him with axes. Even then the tail thrashed about for no little time after."

Not That Kind.

"Once in a Bible lesson," said a Sunday school teacher, "I repeated the text, 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.' And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors.

"The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said:

"'Teacher, where is the flea?'"

Where to Sing.

"I will sing something restful to you, dear," said a lady to her morose husband. "Shall I sing 'Far, Far Away?'"

"I wish you would," was the bitter reply. "It would save the trouble of apologizing to the neighbors."

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Maud—And the last thing that Henry did was to give me a kiss. Mabel—Indeed! I should think that is about the last thing he would do.—Illustrated Bits.

THE "BREAK" IN THE GAME.

Baseball Almost as Much Psychological as Athletic.

Nearly every baseball game is won and lost on one play—a play that comes at the psychological instant. Among the players who do not study psychology the crucial moment is known as "the break," a phenomenon which no one has analyzed and which the players themselves do not understand. Twenty men on the bench are watching closely and intently every move of the pitcher, every swing of his arm. The tide of battle rises, ebbs, and then suddenly at the start of some inning something happens. What it is no one outside the psychic sphere of influence ever will understand, but the silent, tight lipped, watchful, alert fellows on the bench see something or feel something, and the mysterious "break" has come.

"One ball!" The players on the bench suddenly stiffen and prepare for action.

"Two balls!" Two players jump for bats and begin swinging them; the coachers, who have yelled only because it was their duty, suddenly begin raging, screaming and pawing the dirt, and the manager, who has appeared half asleep, makes a trumpet of his hands and leads his men, bawling loud orders and wild taunts.

The spectators do not understand anything has happened. Other batters have had two balls called many times, and it looks the same to the spectator who is beyond the mysterious "break" sphere. In two more moments the players' bench is a madhouse, with twenty men, shouting, screaming, ordering, moving. "Three balls!" and a madman rushes out to the "deck." "Four balls!" and the spectators join the players in the demonstration. The madness is spreading. Crack—a base hit, a bunt, a wild throw, another base hit, screams, shouts, imprecations, a roar of frantic applause, a limit long fly. The manager reaches for his glove, spits into it and says quietly, "Four runs—we've got 'em." The "break" is over, and the players' bench is again the quietest part of the grounds. The surge of enthusiasm, confidence and noise subsides, and the game is won.

Baseball is almost as much psychological as athletic. Why one team can beat a stronger one regularly and lose to a weaker with the same regularity, why one batter can hit one pitcher and is helpless before another, why one pitcher is effective against a strong team and at the mercy of another that cannot bat half as hard, are psychological problems.—American Magazine.

A MISER'S END.

Meanness of M. Vandille and the Way He Hastened His Death.

M. Vandille was chief magistrate at Boulogne and by miserly habits left a fortune of $4,000,000. His usual diet was bread and milk. The bread cost very little, and after eating his loaf at home his habit was to become his own public milk inspector, whom as chief magistrate he had the right to appoint. And so, as he declared, to protect the inhabitants from being imposed upon by an inferior quality of milk he took his walk immediately after eating his loaf and demanded to taste the milk of every salesman he passed, thus saving himself from purchasing any. Misers are generally strong men—they have to be so in order to live a life of privation—but eventually Vandille, like other misers, was seized with illness, and the surgeons had to be called in. In those days they bled their patients. The surgeon asked Vandille half a livre for the operation, but the millionaire ordered him at once out of his sight and sent for the apothecary. The apothecary refused to cut the price down, so Vandille sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three sous a time.

"Aye, but," said this worthy economist, "how often, friend, will it be necessary to bleed me?"

"Three times."

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take each time?"

"Eight ounces."

"Well, but why can't you take the whole twenty-four ounces at once? You want to make a job of me, you scoundrel! Here, sir; there are your three sous. Take the twenty-four ounces immediately." The barber was generous to obey. M. Vandille lost the twenty-four ounces of blood and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir.—Strand Magazine.

The Oldest Bridge In Paris.

The Pont Notre Dame is the oldest bridge in Paris. It was first built in 1413 in the reign of Charles VI., but it was carried away, together with the houses which lined it, by ice floes when the frost broke in 1499. A new bridge was begun at once under the direction of Jean Joconde of Verona and was ready for traffic in 1507. On that bridge stood the famous picture shop of Gersaint, which had a signboard specially painted for it by Watteau.—Westminster Gazette.

Jolting Him.

Bashful Youth—Miss Bella, does—does your mother object to my coming here so much? Fair Charmer—Oh, I think not! I heard her telling papa the other evening that you merely came to pass away the time; you didn't mean anything serious.—London Tit-Bits.

The Division.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Flatleigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl $10 a week for cooking?"

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her $2 a week for cooking. The other $8 is for staying."—Chicago News.

THE FIRST ALMANACS.

They Attempted to Foretell Man's Destiny From the Stars.

"The almanac, properly so called in its origin, is not merely a device for keeping people in mind of the progress of the year. It is an attempt to show what destiny has in store for us as indicated by the position of the stars in any particular year, and as, according to astrological lore, the destinies of men are ruled by the different aspects of the planets, so also the human body is subject to the influence of the constellations through which the sun appears to pass in his yearly course. A French almanac of 1610 gives a diagram of the human body surrounded by all the signs of the zodiac and indicates the various organs and members over which these signs have power, and this for a guide pour les saignees, or to show at what period blood may be let with safety. But the same almanac also gives directions sensible enough for the avoidance of the plague which would not be found fault with by a modern fashionable physician:

> Who would keep his body in health
> And resist the infection of the plague,
> Let him seek joy and sadness fly,
> Avoid places where infections abound
> And cherish joyous company.

A few examples exist of almanacs of this character before the invention of printing, although none, it is believed, earlier than the twelfth century. But some of the earliest specimens of printing are black printed German sheet almanacs, which are chiefly concerned about blood letting.—Westminster Gazette.

Wasted Time.

Mrs. Newrich was growing accustomed to power. She enjoyed it and was irritated when any one presumed to differ from her in opinion. When the sailing party of which she had been a member landed on the shores of the lake rain soaked and frightened, Mrs. Newrich was the only one who cared to talk.

"It could all have been avoided if that captain had done as I told him," she said between the chattering of her teeth as the party stood huddled under a small shelter.

"When I saw that cloud coming from that corner of the lake I said to him, 'I think you'd better make straight for home and not spend any more time tacking,' but he paid no more attention than as if I hadn't spoken!"—Youth's Companion.

He Didn't Bet.

"A man in my county," said a Kansas congressman, "was always anxious to bet on his game of checkers. One time he was about to play a game for $10 with a fellow called Three Fingered Jack. Suddenly one of his friends exclaimed:

"'Don't bet, Charlie. Don't you know that fellow wore off two fingers playing checkers? That's why he's called Three Fingered Jack.'

"That settled it. The bet was never made. A man who had worn off two fingers by brushing them up and down the checkerboard was too much for my friend."—Kansas City Journal.

A Bitter Disappointment.

"When I was in Paris," remarked the collector of curios, "I discovered in a bookstall a volume which I knew at first glance to be of extraordinary value. I could scarcely believe my good luck. Breathless, I inquired the price of the dealer. Just think of it! I could have had that treasure for a song!"

"Well, why didn't you get it?"

"Never could sing a note in my life," cried the collector, bursting into tears.—New York Times.

The Audience Moved.

He had been trying to start a revival fervor, but the audience was unresponsive. "O ye of flinty hearts," he cried, "will nothing move you?" "Pass the hat, boss," answered the gamin, "and we move immediately."—Florida Times-Union.

What the wind gathers the devil scatters.—Greek Proverb.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 29, 1900.

THE aeroplane is leaving the dirigible balloon in rear. But the dirigible balloon is the airship most depended upon to carry heavy loads. The aeroplane will be the yacht or launch of the air. It will be so perfected that in war it will make dashes into the enemy's country and enable scouts to get information. It will also enable dynamiters to drop explosives on the heads of the opposition and upon the strongholds of the hated foe.—Era.

IF the story told by Mrs. Susan Merrill in court at White Plains is true Harry K. Thaw is either dangerously insane, or one of the worst brutes in the form of a man that ever lived. Mrs. Merrill stated that Thaw under the assumed name of Reid rented rooms from her and advertised for chorus girls. When the girls came to his rooms, they were subjected to unprintable indignities and often thrashed by him with a heavy dog whip.

ACCORDING to Clark Williams, New York State superintendent of banks, the panic of 1907 involved in the closing of banks $117,000,000, but not one dollar of loss to depositors. The recovery has been complete, and the banks are now $500,000,000 stronger than they were then. No doubt the banks have made a vast amount of money through the panic, and somebody has suffered accordingly. The tremendous profits of the banks were wrung from their depositors—the very people who make banks possible—Cent Per Cent for August.

THE culminating sensation of the series which has made the second inquiry into the death of Lieut. James N. Sutton of Oregon remarkable came shortly before noon today when the government injected six new defendants into the case and made Mrs. Sutton, the lieutenant's mother, the accusing witness. A virtual charge of murder in one or another degree is now faced not by Lieut. Robert E. Adams, of Pennsylvania, but by those fellow officers of the Marine Corps, all first or second lieutenants and classmates of young Sutton.

CLEVELAND is said to have a real suicide club and Miss Rebecca Bosechock, aged 18 years, is said to be the first member to have killed herself. She shot herself on Monday. The relatives believe another girl, a companion of Miss Bosechek will end her life in the next few days. The mother of the second girl says she overheard her daughter and Miss Bosechek planning to kill themselves. According to those who know of the affairs of Miss Rosechook, the club consisted of six girls, four young men and a man and his wife. Most of them are employed in cloak factories who are disheartened with their lot in life.

IN the good roads problem in Venango county the Foster split-log drag has not been given the attention to which it is entitled as an adjunct. This drag was devised by a Missouri farmer and bears his name. It has been highly recommended by the Department of Agriculture at Washington and is extensively used in the West. Where applied with diligence it has made dirt roads almost equal to macadam—particularly where the surface has been oiled, say Oil City Derrick.

The Foster drag and its use are simple. It is made by bolting the halves of a small log together in the form of a V with a brace one-third way down the legs. The team is attached to the apex of the V. When dragged up one side of the road, one leg reaches the middle of the road; the other reaches the bottom of the ditch. It is used after each rain and when hauled up one side of the road and down the other, gives a bed that drains perfectly, of smooth, hard surface.

The plan in the west is for each land owner to drag the road in front of his property, or to divide the distance about equally. It is found to save an immense amount in road taxes as well as giving the farmers better highways. The drag is cheaply made by anyone who can handle simple tools. Under the cash tax system, if it does not appeal to the farmers, it ought to be consigned by the contractors as a means of keeping the roads in good shape.

Concerning Strawberry Pests.

State Zoologist Surface received many inquires recently concerning strawberry pests, and to these has replied that the best general means of suppressing them lies in a novel method of summer treatment of the strawberry plant, which many persons would hesitate to apply, but which they will find so effective that it will become a regular feature of their mode of culture after its benefits have been observed. This consists of nothing more nor less than mowing the strawberry leaves as low as possible shortly after the berries are picked, throwing these together with a little straw between the rows, drying them quickly on a hot, sunshiny day, and then burning them at once.

The strawberry leaf rust and leaf spot are among the diseases that are very destructive and contagious. They can be partially prevented by the use of Bordeaux mixture, but the germs causing the leaf destruction remain in the old patch from one year to another. Also, the aphis and several other insect pests attack the leaves during the summer. It has been found that if the leaves are mowed closely on a warm, dry day, and mixed with just a little straw and then burned, the pests are practically all destroyed, and the plants themselves escape uninjured.

Good new runners will be formed at once; especially, if a little commercial fertilizer or finely-divided manure from the stable or poultry house be scattered over the roots of the old plants and these be cultivated in the regular manner. New runners will yet be formed this season, and the plants will be put in good condition for bearing a much more abundant and a healthier crop next year than if the leaves had not been burned. Persons who doubt the efficiency of this treatment should mow the leaves of some of the plants, and see the results for themselves.

Grange Meeting.

The McKean County Pomona meets with Fidelity Grange, Aug. 4th.

Order of Business—10:00 a. m. Called to order by Worthy Master J. E. Wright.

Business Session—12:00 dinner. 1:30 p. m. Business Session.

Memorial Exercises,

Literary Exercises.

5:00 p. m. Recess.

7:30 p. m. Conferring the 5th degree. Following this will be speeches by John Apple and some other prominent speakers.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM.

Open to the pulic.

Music—Chadwick Orchestra.

Address of Welcome—F. A. Gallup.

Response—Peter Bowers.

Song—Grange.

Paper—Education—Clara Taylor.

Solo—C. L. Lilley.

Recitation—Myra Cory.

Paper—Our Schools—Laura Hewitt.

Recitation—Lorena Welsh.

Address—Prof. Bayle.

Solo—Rev. H. A. Reed.

Discussion—How can we better our schools—opened by F. A. Burdick.

Music—Chadwick Orchestra.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 24, 1909:

Anderson, A.
Desimile, Domonico
Knapp, Miss Orra
Miller & Co., Messrs. F. G.
Smith, Worth

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $250.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
tf Smethport, Pa.

National Protective Legion Picnic, Aug. 20, 1909.

Account National Protective Legion Picnic at Riverhurst Park, Friday Aug. 20, 1909, P. S. & N. R. R. will run special excursion. Fare round trip from Smethport 75c. Trains leave 8:33 a. m. and 1:48 p. m.

JOS T. ODELL,
Gen. Pass. Agt.

217 Acre Farm Near Cuba For Sale Right.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 217 acres, located 3 miles from Cuba, N. Y., 2 miles from Black Creek and one mile from Cuba Lake, on R. F. D. Rolling and hill land; lays fine to work, 100 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture and timber. Watered by 5 springs and creek. Dark loam soil, especially adapted for dairying; good wire fences; young orchard of 100 trees grafted fruit. 22 room house in fair repair, one barn 30x78, one barn 20x63, one barn 30x40, in fair repair. Tenant house of 5 rooms. This farm is one mile from cheese factory, ¾ mile from school and 3 miles from railroad station. Some farm tools and machinery are included at the price of $30 per acre. Terms $2000 cash, balance $100 a year and interest. Possession within 30 days. Write or telephone,

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Orphan's Court Sale.

ESTATE OF IRA WARFLE, DECEASED.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean County, the undersigned executor of said decedent will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 12th day of August A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, the following described messuage and tracts of land.

All those certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate, lying and being in the township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania; bounded and described as follows to-wit:

1st. Beginning at a post in the northwest line of the right of way of the Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company where the same crosses what was once the west line of J. M. Robinson farm; Thence north 121.6 rods to a post corner; Thence east 82 rods to a post corner; Thence south 100 rods to what was formerly the north line of J. M. Robinson farm; Thence east along said north line 16.8 rods to the right of way of the said railroad company; Thence southwesterly along the said right of way 42 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 22.75 acres of land, be the same more or less, and being the premises deeded to said Ira Warfle by two deeds; one dated May 29th, 1861 and recorded in Deed Book "L." page 574, from Joseph T. Hancock and wife, and the other dated June 12, 1900 and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 111, page 365, from J. M. Robinson and wife.

Improved, and having thereon a two story frame house with wing attached and a frame barn and usual out buildings, and well watered.

2nd. Beginning at a post the northwest corner of lands of Phoebe Housler; Thence north 8½ degrees east 22.81 rods to a post corner the southwest corner of lands sold by the said Ira Warfle to William Hottenstien; Thence south 88½ degrees east 107 rods to a post corner; Thence south 8½ degrees west 97.1 rods to the northeast corner of lands now or formerly of Norman H. Warfle; Thence west along north line thereof 54 rods to a post corner; Thence south 8 degrees west along west line thereof 126.7 rods to the northeast corner of the said Phoebe Housler lot; Thence west along the north line thereof 48.5 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 105 acres of land, be the same more or less.

Excepting and reserving in accordance with the terms of the deed to the said Ira Warfle an undivided ½ part or royalty of all oil or petroleum and gas lying and being in or under the said tract of land. Being a part of the premises conveyed to the said Ira Warfle by Henry Hamlin and wife by deed dated May 19, 1887, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 38, page 407, McKean County records.

Unimproved.

Terms of sale: One third of the purchase price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

NORMAN H. WARFLE, Executor.
SHERIDAN GORTON, Attorney.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias, Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale at the premises of C. J. Peterson, in the township of Hamlin, McKean county, Pa., on

TUESDAY AUGUST 10th, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following piece of property:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, parts of warrants 2907 and 2891, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post and stones where the north line of Warrant 2893 is intersected by the east line of the Division street extension; thence north 0 degrees 25 minutes west along said road or street six hundred and ninety feet to a post; thence south 89 degrees 45 minutes east fifteen hundred feet (1500 ft) to a post; thence south 0 degrees 35 minutes east seven hundred and fifty eight feet (758 ft) to the said Warrant line; thence south 89 degrees 52 minutes west along said warrant line seven hundred and forty four (744 ft) to a post; thence north 2 degrees 45 minutes west sixty eight feet (68 ft) to a post; thence north 89 degrees 40 minutes west seven hundred and fifty six feet to the place of beginning. Containing 24.92 acres, more or less, together with a right of way twenty five feet in width extending from the eastern boundary of said described land, at its southern extremity, eastwardly, to a small creek or stream of water for the purpose of giving to the said party of the second part the use of said water for domestic purposes. This conveyance is made and accepted under and subject to all the rights, reservations and restrictions reserved in the deed of Elisha K. Kane and Zelia E. Kane, his wife, to the said R. H. Holmes; said deed bearing date of May 27th 1905, and being recorded in Deed Book Vol. 135 at page 253, records of McKean County, Pennsylvania. Being same land conveyed to Charley Peterson by Phobe A. Holmes and husband by Deed dated January 5th, 1909 and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 140 at page 287, &c.

Partly improved and having thereon 1 frame house and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of C. J. Peterson at the suit of Fred Johnson.

H. S. ROGERS, plaintiff's attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., July 21, 1909.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident
written by
V. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.

August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:58 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

RACES!
Bradford Driving Park
BRADFORD, PA.
AUGUST 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1909.
$6,000 IN PURSES
15 Fast Trotting and Pacing Races
Entries Close August 3.
"Every Day Will be the Best Day"
McKean County Race for Trotters and Pacers without records owned in the county on July 14. Mile heats best 2 in 3, **PURSE $200**
Regular Conditions.
Admission 50c. Children Under 12 Years 25c.
SEASON TICKETS, $5.00.
L. E. MALLORY, Pres. DELEVAN EMERY, Sec'y.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

We have moved our stock of shoes into the clothing store, and the Great Sale is still on. Great Bargains.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Bulletin.

FORTY PLAYGROUNDS BY THE SEA.

This is seashore time.

The dog days call to the worker in home, office, and mill and the answer brings up thoughts of many resorts beside the sea where comfort, recreation, and pleasure alike await the coming of the holiday-maker.

Along the shores of New Jersey from Cape May to Sandy Hook lie forty beaches, each offering delights for outings long or short and each easily accessible by the splendid train service of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Atlantic City, with its myriad attractions for young and old, needs no introduction, for its charms are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Cape May, for a century the summering place of satisfied thousands of seekers after cool breezes, fine bathing, and the refined amusements of the seaside, is more attractive than ever in its new life.

Ocean City, Wildwood, Sea Isle City, with their smaller neighbors, Anglesea, Holly Beach, Wildwood Crest, Avalon, and Stone Harbor, afford summer pleasure to thousands.

To the north lie Beach Haven, Seaside Park, Island Heights and the other resorts about Barnegat Bay, where the lover of fishing and sailing finds the choicest sport.

Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Spring Lake, Long Branch, Sea Girt, Point Pleasant, Allenhurst, Elberon, and Belmar on the Upper Coast where the country meets the sea right on the beach, appeal with mighty force to the vacationist.

Fifteen-day excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood, Ocean City, and Sea Isle City, at specially low rates leave on August 6 and 24, and September 3.

Any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent will be glad to give full information regarding excursion rates, time of trains and arrange your outing whether it be for a day, a week, a fortnight, or the whole summer.

Westbrook Commercial Academy
OLEAN, N. Y.

Established in 1883. TWENTY-EIGHTH year will open Sept. 6 and 7. If judged by its facilities and its success you will surely be interested. The attendance is limited and the instruction is individual in every department. Call or write for tuition rates and particulars. 3,000 successful graduates for reference.

Solicitors and Drummers not required.

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

WAVERLY GASOLINES
never fail—guaranteed best for all Auto purposes. Three brands:
76°—MOTOR—STOVE
Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Cost no more than the ordinary kind.
Your dealer knows—ask him.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Oil Refiners **Pittsburg, Pa.**

The Lindhom Company

SILK PETTICOATS
BLACK and COLORS
A special value for this week only, worth $6.00
at $4.98

HEATHERBLOOM
PETTICOATS
The kind you want
if you are particular
Special this week $2.00

The Lindholm Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Lesser's COW COMFORT
Increases the Milk Production

BRADFORD
COMBINATION PORCH
AND DIVAN OR COZY
CORNER SEATS FOR
THE HOUSE
AT $5.00 EACH

For sale
—by—
DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 29, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The trout season closes Saturday.

—Geo. Sherburne is working at Colegrove's grocery for a week or so.

—H. W. Rubin is moving his stock of shoes into the rear of his clothing store this week.

—Mrs. Margaret Knapp is having an attractive new porch built on her residence on King street.

—The work of making repairs on the K. & S. bridge at East Smethport is very nearly completed.

—Cora Barber is confined to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Barber, with scarlet fever.

—James Chisholm, the tailor, has got ocated in his new quarters in the basement of the Reilly block.

—A July clerance sale is advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue and some great bargains are offered.

—Ed. Glavin left to-day for Mt. Alton where he will be engaged by Engineer Paul Lyons on a surveying job.

—F. A. Green, the well known miller, placed a handsome delivery wagon in commission during the past week.

—Miss Nellie Masser gave a tea party Tuesday afternoon in honor of her guests Miss David and Mrs F. J. Masser.

—A. A. Parks, of the National Transit Co.'s pump-station at Bingham has purchased a handsome Ford automobile.

—Slaters have been engaged during the past week in repairing the roofs of St. Elizabeth's church and parish house.

—Contractor Gipp shipped part of his paving machinery used on the Main St. job, back to Buffalo the fore part of the week.

—The McKean county members of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Medical association will meet at Cambridge Springs on August 25.

—John Anderson of Rochester, N. Y., Bert Hunter and George Evans of Bradford were severely injured Tuesday afternoon by the fall of a scaffold from the second story of the new Kreinson store annex in Bradford. The men were engaged in painting the building.

—There will be no evening service at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. The morning service will be held as usual.

—A fine new cement walk has been laid by Eagen & Co., in front of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. and the Colegrove building.

—Mrs. J. C. Backus gave a party Monday afternoon to a number of little girls in honor of her neice, Isabelle Bowen of Bradford.

—Virginia Hazen, one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hazen of Hazelhurst died at the Bradford hospital last Sunday of spinal meningitis.

—All members of the P. H. C. are requested to attend the next meeting on Tuesday, Aug. 3. Plans for a picnic will be discussed and refreshments served.

—Mrs. F. L. Sherburne entertained a number of young lady friends of her daughter, Myra, at the Wright House Tuesday in honor of that popular young lady's 16th birthday.

—At the home of C. H. Gleason, Mr. Edwin S. Churchill and Miss Orra Williams were united in marriage by the Rev. W. E. VanDyke at 8 o'clock Thursday morning, July 29.

—C. S. VanDusen will have his Box Ball alleys in operation in the I. O. O. F. building next week, and extends an invitation to both ladies and gentlemen to participate in the sport.

—Mr. and Mrs. Corey Caskey wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to their neighbors and friends who showed them so many kindnesses during the illness and death of his mother.

—A meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Thursday, Aug. 5, in the M. E. chapel at 3 o'clock. Reports of the year's work will be given, and officers elected for the coming year. A full attendance is desired.

—The picnic held by the Eastern Star at Riverhurst yesterday was largely attended by members from Smethport, Port Allegany, Eldred, Duke Centre and Bradford. An unusually pleasant day was spent and all had a grand time.

—Miss Stella Tate, a former teacher in the Smethport schools, who has been serving as a teacher in Porto Rico for several years past, arrived in New York the week before last on her vacation. Miss Tate will visit friends in this vicinity during her tarry in the States.

—Ralph, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hornlein, had his arm quite painfully burned one day this week, while playing with hot tar. The little fellow is getting along nicely and we trust no serious results will follow.

—Mrs. S. E. Bell entertained a number of young friends of her son, Mortimer, in a delightful manner at her home on West Main St., Tuesday, the occasion being the 6th birthday anniversary of that young man.

—Friday night or early Saturday morning theives entered the jewelry store of R. C. Palmer at Mt. Jewett and got away with plunder amounting to $200. They have as yet eluded arrest, having left no clue behind them.

—Several new uniforms recently ordered by the Fire Department from Klein & Co., of Philadelphia, arrived in this place last Friday and will be distributed among the members of the company previous to their trip to Bradford Old Home Week.

—The fire engine was brought out last Thursday evening and was given a run to the dyke and 1,200 feet of the new hose recently purchased by the borough was given a tryout with most satisfactory results. A pressure of 200 pounds was attained by the engine.

—Miles Allen, the East Smethport insurance man, has stone and building materials on the ground and will at once start the erection of a one story building to be used by him as an office on the vacant lot between McAhon's store and the Bush building, East Smethport.

—During the first week of August the new Lincoln pennies will be distributed, gradually supplanting the ones now in use. The Lincoln penny will remain in circulation 25 years as the law does not permit a change in the design of a coin oftener than once in a quarter of a century.

—The Field Day of the McKean County Grange will be held at Coryville, Aug. 20th. The National Master N. J. Bachelder, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, and Hon. Wm. T. Creasy, State Master, will deliver speeches. This will undoubtedly be a great day in the history of the McKean County Grange.

—Harry Metzgar, who has been suffering from trouble with his throat resulting from a recent attack of mumps, underwent an operation at the hands of Dr. Ostrander last Friday. The young man is fast recovering from his trouble and the effects of the operation, which was highly successful. He is again able to be about.

—W. J. Kerr and B. T. Garlick returned last Saturday from Illinois where they witnessed the final outcome of a well put down by a company, in which they are interested. The well did not show any form as a producer and was not shot. It is not understood when the company will make an effort to locate another well on these holdings.

—A communication from Kane says: Mrs. Samuel E. Bell of Smethport is in Kane this evening to attend the hospital entertainment. To-morrow she will be a guest at a luncheon to be given by Mrs. A. P. Huey. Mrs. Bell is visiting Mrs. J. H. Walter who will accompany her to her home Tuesday, in the Bell touring car.

—The Fair management has succeeded in booking the Esuda Japanese troup, ten in number, as one of the free attractions for the fair in September. This is said to be one of the finest acts of its kind in the business and one seldom secured by county fairs. The troup recently completed a 12 week's engagement in the New York Hippodrome.

—Mrs. Mary Camp, wife of W. D. Camp, formerly of this borough, died at her home in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, yesterday, aged nearly 70 years. She was a member of and active worker in the Baptist church here for several years and had many friends here who will regret to learn of her demise. She is survived by her husband and several children, among whom is T. W. Camp of this borough.

—Ed. Butler and a pal by the name of Malone, two gentlemen of dusky hue were brought here to the county jail Saturday to await the next term of criminal court. Their appetite for cheese is so pronounced that it led them to rob the Duke Center cheese factory a short time ago, of several cheeses. They had been the guests of friends at the jail in Little Valley, N. Y. for 29 days since the robbery and were brought from Little Valley here.

Additional locals on last page.

Personal Mention.

Lee Raymer of Olean is in town.

—Miss Bessie Quinlisk left today for Buffalo.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin is visiting relatives in Austin.

T. W. Bell of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Ed McMann of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday.

Mrs. Emil Jahn of Eldred visited relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Alfred Hagburg is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont visited relatives in town Tuesday.

Joe Brown, who lives near Jamestown, N. Y., is visiting in town.

Miss Marie Purtle returned home last evening from a vist to St. Marys.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton were visitors in *Port Allegany* Sunday.

Ed. Seger of New York is visiting at the home of Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Mrs. A. B. Wells of Cleveland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Mrs. Burg Chadwick left yesterday for a visit in Rochester and Canandagua, N. Y.

Miss Frances C. McCoy of Augusta, Ga., is the guest of Mrs. Mellville Gillett.

Foster Studholme of Olean was visiting friends in town the forepart of the week.

Mrs. Harvy Lynn of Buffalo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Mrs. W. O. Hamlin and daughter, Jannette, of New York is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. A. E. Hoffman and Mrs. Mame Terry and children are visiting relatives in Kasson.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton returned from Bradford Sunday, after a short visit there.

Ben and Card Young left Saturday to spend their vacation in some of the New York State.

Mrs. W. O. Barker and daughter, Margaret, of Corry, Pa., are the guests of Mrs. Mary L. Bisett.

Mrs. Peter Connolly left last Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Wettrick of Coudersport.

Miss Nellie Baird of Hamilton, Ohio, and Mrs. Fred. J. Masser of Niagara Falls are guests of Miss Nellie Masser.

John Sherburne, who has been visiting at the home of his brother, Frank, in Bethlehem, Pa., has returned home.

Miss Bertha Johnson, Miss Ida Engstrom and John Engstrom of Jamestown were guests of friends in town this week.

Dr. John Tretton and son, John, of Rochester, are visiting Dr. Tretton's parent's, Mr. and Mrs. Tretton of this place.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, and Arthur Jones of Bradford returned home Friday after a visit in town and vicinity.

Mrs. W. J. Potter and children, who have been visiting relatives in town returned to their home in Ovid, N. Y., on Friday last.

Mrs. Clara VanSickle returned home last Thursday from the Kane Summit *hospital*, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. W. T. Seger and son, Arthur of New York and Mrs. A. W. Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., are guests of their mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Miss Mable Shattuck, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs Harry L. Backus, for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Linesville on Tuesday.

Miss Lulu Keenan of New York, who recently returned from an extended European trip, *is visiting* at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Gifford, Mrs. Myrtle and her son, Eland, formerly of this place but now of Carthage, N. Y., are visiting friends and relatives in town and vicinity.

Miss Marion Hafner, who has been visiting relatives in Dunkirk, N. Y., stopped over between trains on her way to Clermont. She was accompanied by her friend Miss May Olcott of Sagamore.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Jermann of Buffalo who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell, returned to their home on Tuesday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Jermann's sister, Violet Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris are on a three weeks' vacation. Mr. Harris spent last week at the Metcalf Cottage, Keuka Lake, N. Y. Mrs. Harris was at Dr. Harris' Cottage on Lake Ontario last week. The rest of the time they will be in Rochester and Medina.

WM. MONHEIMER.

It Is False
economy to buy cheap Shoes when you can get here

Walk-Over Shoes
at $3.50 and $4. They are a "heap better" than other shoes at this price and will wear more than twice as long as any $2.50 or $3.00 shoes.

If you are not a WALK-OVER Shoe customer already you will be in the future if you buy a pair now.

$3.50 and $4 a pair
and worth it, too!

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

JULY CLEARANCE SALE.

All surplus stocks and odds and ends of Summer goods must march out to the tune of low prices.
We've arranged so worthy a lot of bargains for this week that it will richly repay you to make an early visit to this store Friday morning.
The reductions range all the way from a quarter to a half off the regular prices.
Come! You'll find it profitable.

Muslin Underwear Petticoats Knit Underwear
Tailored Skirts Hosiery Embroideries
Neckwear Laces Belts
Parasols Wash Goods Men's Shirts
Men's Underwear Men's Hosiery

FRY & COMES
Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark, "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

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Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,
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THE CASH GROCER.

Confectionery
One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

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ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Do you need
FRUIT JARS
If so, Buy the "Atlas" E-Z Seal. They are easily adjusted, and every one is fitted perfectly. We have them in Pints, Quarts and Half Gallons.
We also have the Improved Mason Jars, and Extra Quality, Double Thick Jar Rubbers.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

THE LAST ACT.

Arriving at a Decision About Changing Its Ending.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

[Copyright 1909 by Associated Literary Press.]

"You must give it a happy ending' said Miss Atherton

Carruthers looked at her gloomily "Not unless you say 'Yes'"

"As if that had anything to do with it," said Miss Atherton scornfully

'It has everything to do with it said Carruthers When I write a play I write as I feel If I am sad the play will be sad and if I am happy the ending will be happy And I can't be happy as long as you persist in refusing me hence I shall have to give my play a sad ending

Oh well then, Miss Atherton tossed her head end it any old way But I won't play it if it doesn't suit me"

A week later he called her up It is finished he said 'and you can read it at your leisure"

"Read it to me," she said and set the next afternoon

Carruthers found her alone and very beautiful in a violet crape house gown with her dark hair banded with a gold ribbon

'I want you to dress like that in the last act of my play' he said 'and carry violets It will give the proper note of mourning'

'Then you have made it sad' she demanded

'Yes The heroine is a naughty princess who spurns her lover all through the play and in the end he finds another woman more gentle more kind and the princess is left alone in her haughtiness That is why I want you to wear a purple gown'

'Oh' said Miss Atherton somewhat faintly

When he came to the last act he saw that Miss Atherton was intensely interested 'But I don't think I am at all like that' she said ingenuously as he finished

"Who said you were' he demanded "I am writing of a princess in Egypt"

The color flamed into her face. Of course I had thought you had me in mind

'I presume,' Carruthers replied "that you and the princess have certain characteristics in common, and that is why you would fit the part or the part would fit you But the question now to decide is, 'Who shall take the part of the other woman?'"

MISS ATHERTON'S EYES SNAPPED

"I believe you have spent more time on her than on the other woman," Miss Atherton said jealously

Carruthers looked at her out of the corner of his eye "I had thought of Miss Muir as your opposite She would fit in I think"

Miss Atherton's eyes snapped 'She isn't half as gentle as you might imagine"

"Dear lady" Carruthers remonstrated, 'perhaps you are not a judge of gentleness"

"Oh, well'—Miss Atherton laughed a little— my temper isn't in good shape this morning You'll have to forgive me if I criticise everything and everybody'

"What's wrong" Carruthers asked solicitously

'Everything' succinctly I've got to give up my apartment for one thing Aunt Sarah has to go back to Pine Point, and I can't live alone

'Of course not. Carruthers agreed promptly and you couldn't find a better time to marry me'

Marry? she came back at him 'An actress hasn't any right to marry"

"It depends upon the point of view" Carruthers stated Of course if you loved me —

'Please don't talk of love" exclaimed Miss Atherton "I have enough of it in my plays"

'To return to our mutton' said Carruthers calmly 'I shall give Miss Muir the part of the helpless heroine who so works on the sympathies of the scorned lover that he turns from the princess to her"

"You have made the ending happy for the other girl then?

'Yes you can't pile sadness on too deeply'

'And the princess sits in the purple twilight in a purple gown with violets clutched in her two white hands and moans My lost love alas! or words to that effect I can't see myself doing it remonstrated Miss Atherton You've simply got to change that ending

"But how?" questioned Carruthers "Have another lover in the background for the gentle maiden and let the princess relent at the last minute You can still keep her in the purple twilight and the purple gown but you can have her lover at her feet with the golden morning flooding them with light'

"But the princess wouldn't relent not the kind of princess in the play

'She might" Miss Atherton hesitated 'You know you can never tell just what a woman will do"

Would you Carruthers demanded eagerly—'would you relent

I am not talking of myself' Miss Atherton told him coldly I am talking of the princess in the play

Carruthers folded up his manuscript before he answered Then positively I shall not change the last act I had thought of a better one than that of purple twilight and a lover at her feet I had thought of the princess at dawn on the terrace with a wreath of roses on her head and coming toward her with outstretched hands was her lover and the glory of the rising sun about them both —

'Beautiful' broke in Miss Atherton We will have that.

We will not have that was the stubborn rejoinder As I have told you I am not in a mood for happy endings'

'Oh, well, have your way then, said Miss Atherton crossly

During rehearsal Miss Atherton observed that Carruthers took especial pains with Miss Muir's part

'You act as if she were the star" she remonstrated one day just before the last act

I like her part' he said 'It fits in with my ideal I want the audience to realize what gentleness and sweetness may accomplish as against beauty and pride

Before Miss Atherton could answer she was called for the last act

She played it well putting into it all the [illegible] spirit of a woman who having scorned love knows that she has lost that which she prizes most in the world

Even in her street gown she made it effective for with the violets against her lips she murmured I shall wear no other flowers They are the flowers of mourning and all my days I shall mourn—alone'

As the last word came in a whisper she stared unseeing into space"

'Beautiful' Carruthers told her when she came off. Beautiful!'

But I don't like it' she sobbed It makes me miserable to play it'

He took her to a quiet spot where they could talk Why should it make you miserable" he asked

Because I want happiness, she answered In my play—and in my life Carl

She had never called him that For a moment he stared at her Then he cried You mean that you will?'

She smiled but her lips were white "Yes I want my life to have a happy ending Carl'

"Dear heart' he whispered "I will change the last act'

The Wrong Man

"A marriage had been fixed for 10 o'clock' said a clergyman "and I had an appointment with the bishop at 11 30 Half past 10 came, a quarter to 11, and no bride or bridegroom Presently the clerk announced their arrival I went out. The couple stood in the usual place at the entrance to the chancel and I began the service

"'Please, sor' began the man

"'Don't speak now' I said and continued the service

"'I am very sorry, sor, but—

"'Never mind now' I said hastily I cannot listen to excuses for I have no time to spare' And again I went on with the marriage service

A movement of the unhappy man caused me to look up

'But I am not the man' he shrieked, like some frightened animal I have only come to say the cab has broken down sor,' he gasped 'I am only the best man' And with a sigh of relief he mopped his brow All the while the lady smiled serenely

'Poor man! Did he get a fright? So did I for I was new at the work and did not know what the consequence might be"—London Telegraph

A Man Must Think

A man must use his own judgment He must think his own thoughts He must believe his own convictions let them jostle whom they may There are ideas which are in the air They settle down upon us like smuts in a manufacturing town They settle upon us in the subway and on the streets We find it difficult to brush them off our minds, and they grow bigger and stronger and dominate us

We think we hold opinions when as a matter of fact, they hold us And this would be of the less consequence if they were our own opinions But they are not And they are not the opinions of our friends either They have not been made in the sense in which one builds a conviction or shapes a life And the trouble is that we think we are thinking when we are only obeying the orders of the opinions which have taken possession of us—Dr Charles F Aked

It Went Back

In one of our old towns which has recently been the scene of a pageant a party of Americans were being conducted over the ancient abbey

The ages of this part and that were pointed out by a learned attendant and at length That arch says he may possibly go back to William the Conqueror

Don't you like it said a guest promptly

The attendant explained that he did not understand

'Doesn't it suit you? Why are you sending it back, anyway?'—London Mail

HOW PERCY HELPED.

I was at work We had been furnishing my wife and I We thought we had done it cheaply but a few charming things in the bric a brac line added at the last moment had so over balanced our account that I felt it imperative to make up a better check than usual that week on the daily paper upon which I earned my bread

But my wife had been hard at work too She had been to Paul Jones' sale It was remnant day—and she had got a few little things which she [illegible] absolutely had to have besides a few more quite indispensable trifles for herself all of them [illegible] She had been forced to confess however that the week's home economy money had been severely encroached upon and I am afraid I was not enthusiastic over the Jones sale Instead of chasing the passing cloud from her sweet eyes as I knew how to do I had even heaved a sigh of relief as the door slammed after her

So I was hard at work and within sight of the end at last when a voice on the stairs shouting "I know my way" made me swear a gentle oath under my breath before the door opened and one Percy Falmouth stood before me

He was a college friend one of those who always prevent one from working but to whom one is never able to say nay

His face that was wont to be fresh was sallow and gray and his eye that was always merry was dull and downcast

What's the matter old man" said I You're down on your luck

It took him some time to bring the trouble out even to me, but at last he managed it He was in love

Is that all cried I cheerily Well don't be alarmed I assure you when you have got over the beginning it isn't bad at all

It isn't that said my friend gloomily after a pause

Isn't what? I asked

It isn't that I mind being in love he explained but how am I to keep a wife

My chair spun round again of itself

You I cried almost fiercely 'Why haven't you got $2,500 a year of your own And a vision of the weekly books and the monthly bills swam before my eyes and made me run my fingers wildly through my hair 'You are a nice one to talk

Percy smiled sarcastically

Two thousand five hundred dollars' echoed he Why, it wouldn't keep her in silk petticoats!"

I looked grave instantly

'And it wouldn't keep any woman' said my friend, rising and throwing his cigarette away as he warmed to his subject And one wouldn't wish that it should What man cares to see his wife looking a frump and dowdier than other women? And it isn't only the clothes It's the house and the furniture and the servants and everything Dinginess is out of date

I sighed

"If I were to marry on $2 500 a year, continued Percy emphatically "I should be in debt in two months and my wife and I would have quarreled forever."

Why didn't I smile? I had been married more than two years and though I had certainly been in debt most of the time, my wife and I had not quarreled yet

But a vision of a pouting mouth and tear dimmed blue eyes rose uncomfortably before me —Instead of smiling it was I now who sighed

Perhaps my wife had not brought home small soft parcels enough from Jones' sale instead of, as I had meanly supposed that morning too many

'But a man can work," said I as bravely as I could

Work'' echoed Percy bitterly That's all very well if you've got brains I have no qualifications for earning money and love in a cottage isn't good enough nowadays'

Somehow this speech restored me to my balance

He smoked another cigarette and then he took up his hat and I breathed a sigh of relief

'It's a devil of a mess for a fellow to be in' he said gloomily

Yes said I I'm afraid you'll have to find a wife who can work on her own account. There are a good many of them about nowadays'

He looked at me doubtfully Oh I hate that sort'' he said "A girl with money's better but that won't help me just now'

'So I supposed" said I And I let him out I had sworn at his entrance, but he had brought me luck

The words literally flew from my pen when I sat down again There was something spurring me on There was a goal in sight that I knew of

And when I had put my name to the last sheet and was free I sought it

Upstairs in the nursery my wife sat beside the cradle She had our child in her arms and was lulling him to sleep Her eyes shone as she looked up at me her face was fresh and she was as dainty as any man could wish in a plain white frock—ready to welcome me to dinner after my work As I bent down to kiss her I said gayly I've made up a splendid week darling so you needn't worry about the purchases

And she laughed saying They were not so many after all you know only a few [illegible] But I [illegible]

And then we went together to the dainty meal of her frugal ordering and I was sorry that I had not been able to explain to Percy what it was that made it "good enough"

LOST HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

A Chance Remark That Pointed Out Its Hiding Place.

By FRANCES COWLES

[Copyright 1909 by Associated Literary Press.]

Every one in the house was angry and Miss Lavinia herself was all on edge as she graphically expressed it

The loss of a hundred dollar bill was not such a tremendously important affair in itself for Miss Lavinia was quite wealthy but there were some aspects of the matter which made the loss quite serious

There is no reason why you should look at me so angrily, she said to her niece who was regarding her aunt with very indignant eyes The bill vanished and some one has taken it

'It may have blown away —

With screens in the window? Don't be foolish Myra"

'Or you may have mislaid it A dozen things may have happened but I don't believe that it was stolen at all

"I FEEL DREADFUL!" SHE GASPED

Even if it were" she added inconsistently 'Dick never took it"

How could I possibly have mislaid it when I have not left this room or even that chair since the money was paid to me? I haven't read a thing the entire morning but a novel, and you have looked that through and through Anyway, I tell you that I just put the bill on the table here It was lying right on this spot, I tell you Myra and then when I got ready to take care of it the thing was gone—actually gone I never was so stupefied in my life It is awful"

Aunt Lavinia's absolute certainty made Myra desperate

"I don't believe that the money was stolen at all," she said obstinately "Perhaps you only dreamed that it was paid" Miss Lavinia gave a contemptuous sniff

'But even granted that it was paid and that you placed it on the table just where you said that you did "Dick was not the only person that came into the room while it was there'

'He was the only person except yourself and Jane I don't suppose that you took it scornfully, 'and I know that Jane did not."

"Just because she has been in your family for twenty years'—

'Twenty two my dear"

—'you are ready to accuse Dick instead of a servant,"

"You would never accuse Jane yourself Myra if you had not lost both your temper and your common sense'

If this thing lies between Dick and Jane, I shall certainly doubt Jane"

'Yet Mr Ainslie was the only one of you three who came to the table I remember that distinctly He sat down and leaned his arms on it while he was talking to me Besides Myra, I have known this young man less than a year, and I have known Jane twenty two years There isn't a dishonest hair in her head You needn't talk to me in that way

"But there's one thing that I must say now," continued the irate Miss Lavinia "and that you must agree to Unless this thing is cleared up satisfactorily you don't marry Richard Ainslie"

Myra's eyes flashed lightning

"Aunt Lavinia I shall make no such promise" she cried indignantly We may never find out what became of that detestable bill Do you suppose that I am going to let a small trifle like that spoil my life?'

"Honor and dishonor are not trifles Myra"

Myra sighed "I shall ask Dick if he noticed the money lying on the table If he says that he did not I shall know that you dreamed the whole thing"

Young Ainslie summoned to the house by an imperative telephone call stated very promptly that he had seen the bill on the table exactly where Miss Lavinia had said she had placed it I remember thinking that it was a careless proceeding he explained and I rather wondered that as business-like a person as you Miss Lavinia should have placed it there

"I didn't see any carelessness about the matter" Miss Lavinia retorted tartly, "considering that I was in my own home and that I don't harbor thieves"

Well Ainslie said lightly it behooves me to find that bill I seem to have been the last person who saw it If I don't unearth it I may be accused of the theft myself"

'Don't joke Dick" Myra implored with such an odd intonation that Ainslie made a swift guess at the truth"

He had a real motive now for solving the vexatious problem but he met with no success, although he devoted the greater part of his time to it

It came to a point at last where it got on his nerves and it took all of his will power to treat the subject lightly and to act as if he were ignorant of Miss Lavinia's attitude toward him

He had made another exhaustive search of the library one day fully two weeks after the bill had disappeared He subsided into an easy chair with a groan of disappointment This is the [illegible] hundredth time by actual count that I have gone over this place It isn't here and I don't believe that it ever was here

'You saw it yourself" Miss Lavinia returned grimly

Ainslie sighed I tell you Miss Lavinia that you must get some pockets in your dresses and then —

He stopped to stare at his hostess She had turned several rich colors and some words seemed to gurgle in her throat

Are you ill Miss Lavinia? Let me get you some water You look dreadful! Can I —

I feel dreadful! she gasped I never thought of it before Will you ever forgive me she wailed piteously

Miss Lavinia was fumbling along the folds of her gown Her hands twitched nervously here and there then one of them dived [illegible] holding aloft the missing bill

It—it — she stammered faintly I [illegible] twenty five years and and—I forgot—I—I must have put the bill in it just after [illegible]

Her voice faltered To think that she who [illegible] herself upon her business-like [illegible] should have committed such an unpardonable deed She looked helplessly from one to the other of her auditors

Young Ainslie stared at her for some moments in silent perplexity When at length the full truth dawned upon him he gave one hilarious shout and yielded himself up to uncontrollable laughter

Miss Lavinia watched him in silence the grimness slowly fading from her face

Well, Myra, she remarked tentatively I'm bound to say that your husband will have a good disposition 'taint many men that would see anything humorous in this episode And as for pockets" she added, with sudden vindictiveness 'I'll never never have another as long as I live"

The Cows at Gettysburg

We had an old cow that had been in the family for years, and the morning of the first day of the fight we had put her in pasture as usual This pasture was near the edge of town Of course we saw nothing of her during the three days of fighting Often one of us would say "I wonder what has become of the old cow" The general opinion was that we had seen the last of her. On the morning of the fourth day father my brother and I took a walk over the field to see if we could find any trace of her We saw many terrible sights Dead soldiers were lying around thick dead horses and many cow skins and heads From this last we soon came to the conclusion that our cow had been killed for food like the rest so we gave her up As we were eating supper one evening a week or more after the battle we heard a familiar bellowing in the street Everybody sprang from the table and rushed out There stood our dear old cow looking as happy as it is possible for a cow to look at being home again We petted and hugged her in our pleasure at finding her alive and soon had her in the stable in her own familiar stall Then we discovered that she had a bullet hole in her neck and one in her side She was not severely hurt, however and both bullets came out eventually We found out later that all the cows in that particular field had got out in some way the first day of the fight and had wandered off about ten miles from town beyond the firing line After the battle they all found their way back to town —McClure's Magazine

Good Luck Rings

A man stood on a lower Broadway corner with a box of good luck rings They were horseshoe nails made into rings bright like silver glittering in the sun It was amazing the number of people who went up and bought these rings of the man fitting them carefully on their fingers paying for them walking off with them turning them this way and that to admire them though their price was only a nickel

Do you make your living selling them?' asked a woman who bought a very fetching one for her third finger

"Yes madam,' said he

"There must be a lot of superstitious people in New York said she if a man can make his living by selling horseshoe nail rings at a nickel apiece

'There are madam' said he —New York Press

A Hint to Trave

Weary Walker Wit Don't I [illegible] Why I've been following the [illegible] for thirty years

Farmer Hayes—Well you keep following it for thirty years more and perhaps you'll catch up with it New York Life

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Edwin S Stuart
Lieutenant Governor—Robt S Murphy
State Treasurer—John O Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K Young
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C F Barclay, Sinnemahoning
State Senator Frank E Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—James A McKean Smethport R W Hilton Smethport
District Attorney—Guy B Mayo Smethport
Sheriff—Wm H Morrison Smethport
Prothonotary—B F Starsky, Smethport
Recorder—H M Choate Smethport
Register J B East [illegible] Smethport
Clerk of Courts—Frank B Foster Smethport
County Treasurer—F P Isherwood Bradford
Commissioners—A M Marsh Bradford Twp, J A Peterson Bradford, John P Devlin, Bradford
Coroner Clerk—A B Walker Bradford
Jury Commissioners—H H Alant Bradford, W C Holder Smethport
Auditors—A A Abbey, Smethport A R Anderson Clermont, A R Cory, Coryville
Surveyor—F R Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S Doyle Smethport

BOROUGH

Burgess—S H Cleveland
Council—F F Heath, president F H Ric [illegible] secretary J W Waite E W Work [illegible] G H Denning I Shirbourne I C Hickins, H H Sasse
Justice—R C Gleason
Constable—C B Foote
School Directors—H C Young, president F. D Gallup secy, W I Specht treas John B Eastman H H Redfield John Clark
Collector—R C Gleason
Assessor—C H Hyde,
Auditors—J A Swanson C B Corwin, W R Stark
Judge of Election—H S Hubin
Inspectors of Election—F T Daly, F M McClure

Lodge Directory,

F & A M —McKean Lodge, No. 388 meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p m, at Masonic Hall Main street
CHARLES W MASSER W M
W SPECHT, Secy

I O O F —Smethport Lodge No 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 00 o'clock in I O O F Hall Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings
WALT TURBICK N G
W G HOLDER, Secy

I O O F —Smethport Encampment No. 2373, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I O O F Hall
J C CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch
J R [illegible] Scribe

G A R —McKean Post No 347 meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at [illegible] in the G A R [illegible] Hall
L I WRIGHT Com
H M CHOATE Adjutant

L O T M —Brown Hive, No 48, meets in I O O F Hall Friday afternoon
LYDIA ABBEY Com
BELLE FAGAN, R K

W C T U —Meets every alternate Saturday at [illegible] in the M E Chapel
Mrs L A BAKER Pres
Mrs MARY F RICHMOND, Secy.

P H C —Smethport Branch No 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I O O F Hall
C M COLEGROVE Pres
BESSIE PUEHLACHER Secretary

Phoenix Chapter No 15, O E S — Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M BAYLE W M
LETTIE F COLEGROVE Secy

I O R M —Meets every Monday evening in I O O F Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday
M F GEARY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W A Harris pastor Class Meeting Sunday at 10 00 a m, preaching at 10 30 a m Sunday school at 11 45 a m, Junior League at 3 p m Epworth League at 6 00 p m, evening service at 7 30 p m General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p m

Episcopal—J Heber McCandless, Rector, Services every Sunday at 10.30 a m and 7.30 p m Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev J Heber McCandless, Rector Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p.m

St Elizabeth's Catholic church—J F Dugan pastor Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a m one Sunday and at 10 30 a m on the next

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH —T D Ware pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 45 p m Sunday school at 12 m Junior Endeavor at 3 p m Senior Endeavor at 6.30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p m Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock All are invited

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SAINT ELIZABETH

By ANNA B. PATTEN.

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It was a steady downpour of rain, such as taxed the resources even of our merry house party, that sent me to seek amusement in the portrait gallery at Redfern hall. From the time of my arrival, a week before, I had loved to stroll there daily, speculating over the probable history of those knights in armor and beruffled dames of the past. My special favorite, however, was the portrait of a lovely young girl kneeling before her prie dieu, telling her rosary. She was not strictly beautiful, but her face wore such a sweetly pensive expression, with so rapt and tender a look in the eyes, that she seemed to lack only the halo to become a saint.

It was before this picture that I stood, absorbed in admiration, when the housekeeper passed through, on her way to her quarters. I took the opportunity of gratifying my curiosity.

"That picture? Oh, that is Saint Elizabeth," she announced, in reply to my inquiry. "Poor thing!" brushing her apron across her eyes. "It's a sad story—the tragedy of the house, you know."

I did not know, but was so anxious to learn that Mrs. Fairbanks was finally prevailed upon to return with her sewing and relate the history of my favorite portrait. "And a long story it is," she preluded, as we settled ourselves in a cozy alcove where we could be free from interruptions, yet within sight of Saint Elizabeth at her devotions. "A long story, though her life was short enough, poor dear! There's very few people as knows of it but me. My mother was housekeeper at the time, and she told me all the facts of the case."

After a brief silence, during which Mrs. Fairbanks dropped her work and gazed pensively at the Madonna-like face, as if questioning whether she should divulge its hallowed history, she continued:

"It was in Master Rupert's time. He was a queer piece, I should judge, from what mother said—a sort of mixture. His mother was a Spaniard, and he got his quick temper from that side of the house, but he was cold and self-contained on the surface, like all the Redferns; so, you see, when he did give way to his anger, it was something fearful. Mother said that at such times everybody got out of the way who could possibly do so. Still he was flattered and made much of, for he was rich and titled, and the young ladies they smiled on him, and their mammas entertained him, but it was all of no use. He cared nothing for any of them. He just buried himself in the library with his books, or up in the studio with his pictures, for he was a fine artist and could have made a fortune with his brush if he had a minded to, which only goes to prove that the Bible tells the truth when it says: 'To him that hath shall be given.'" Mrs. Fairbanks paused to take breath after this bit of Scriptural philosophy.

"So you see, after awhile the gentry folks they sort of gave him up. They all came to the conclusion that there never would be a mistress at the hall, but, bless me, they made a mistake! One summer Master Rupert flew off on a sketching trip—he was always doing that way, starting off without a moment's notice, and expecting his things to be all packed up and ready. Well, he met her by accident, in some out-of-the-way place in the mountains, and it was all up with him. He made up his mind to marry her on the spot. Every one wondered afterward at his choice. To be sure she had a lovely face, but then she was only a slim bit of a girl, with shy, shrinking ways; not at all the grand lady you'd think he'd have picked out for the mistress of this great house.

"As for the girl, poor little thing, living there in the wilds, she had nothing to say in the matter except her 'yes' at the altar. It was all fixed up between Sir Rupert and her mother; she simply obeyed her mother now, as she had done every hour of her life. It probably never occurred to her that she could do anything else.

"Ah, but it was a gala day, they say, when the master brought his wife home! The bells were rung, bonfires were built, and flower-girls strewed blossoms in their path. She seemed awed by all the splendor, and a little frightened at being the center of so much attention. She shrank closer to her husband and glanced up at him timidly; but, instead of cheering her by a sweet word of encouragement, he just spoke stern like to her, as if to remind her of her duty. Oh, yes, he was fond of her; you could see that by the way his eyes followed her from place to place, but, like all the Redferns, he didn't believe in showing it.

"Well, there were gay goings-on for a time. The house was full of guests, and my lady was made much of, and some of her timidity was beginning to wear away; but now it was the master's turn to grow uneasy. It almost seemed as if he was jealous of every look and smile she gave another. You see he knew he hadn't touched her heart, and he feared to have it awakened. All at once he stopped inviting friends to the hall; he shut her up like a bird in a gilded cage, and gloated over her all to himself, in his cruel, selfish way. He loved to dress her up in jewels and fine clothes and pose her for different pictures—that is one of them that you admire so much.

"Then he took up his books again, and she must always be near by, curled up like a mouse in one of the lounging-chairs, ready to do his bidding. She yielded to him, as she had yielded to her mother, without a word of complaint. Only once she rebelled; that was when he scoffed at her devotion to her religion. Then she turned on him with a look in her eyes that told him he had gone too far. Perhaps he came to the conclusion that religion was not the worst rival a man could have; that, on the contrary, it was more than likely to keep a woman out of mischief. Anyway, it was plain enough to see, my mother said, that the poor, starved little creature must have some outlet for her pent-up affection, so she poured out her soul in devotion at the sacred shrine of the Virgin Mary. Perhaps she found there the mother love she had never known.

"Well, the master let her practice her whim undisturbed, so long as it did not interfere with his pleasure. The unused chapel was opened, and she spent hours at her aves and paters, and many a day in penitential fasting. A priest came over from the adjoining diocese to hear her confession, though what misdemeanors such a saint from heaven could have to lay bare the Lord alone knew. That was how she happened to get the name of Saint Elizabeth.

"Things went on in this same dull, prosy way for a time. With the coming of the cold winter season, Father Chapelle, who was getting along in years, found the journey too much to undertake, with all his parish duties, and sent one of the priests in his place. Mother said that young priest was a picture, with a voice to melt the heart of the most hardened sinner. He came into that gloomy house like a burst of sunshine, and not one of them all but felt better for his coming. As for Lady Elizabeth, she got so she leaned on him for comfort and advice at all times; he was her tower of defense in all her doubts and perplexities.

"It was some light gossip in the village that first started the rumor flying. How any one could have conceived a thought of evil with such as they God alone knows, but there are some weak bodies as will soil their lips with any idle tale, and ill news travels fast. The only fear was that it might get to the master's ears, and he that unreasonable. He had taken no notice of the change, or, if he did, one priest was the same as another to him; but no one could help seeing the improvement in my lady. She had lost that listless look, and her whole manner was brighter and more hopeful. She tried now, in her timid, childish way, to minister to his happiness, using a thousand little feminine devices to arouse his attention. She did not make much progress, for once let a man get settled in a groove of selfishness and it is hard to root him out of it; but he used to watch her in a puzzled way, as if trying to find an explanation for the change.

"One day the crash came! Late in the afternoon the master dashed into the courtyard at a furious pace, his horse's sides flecked with foam. He threw the reins to the groom, who came hurriedly out to answer the summons.

"'Send Hawkins to me!' was his order, as he strode into the house. Hawkins lost no time in following, you may be sure. He found his master pacing up and down the room with that feverish glare in his eyes that boded no good to the object of his wrath.

"'Where is your mistress? Send her to me!' he thundered.

"'She is in the chapel, my lord. Her orders were that she was not to be disturbed. Father Dominic comes directly.'

"It would not do, miss, for me to repeat the master's reply," interpolated Mrs. Fairbanks, with a pious droop of her eyelids. "At any rate, it was something terrible, and Hawkins shook in his shoes while it went on; but in the midst of it the master stopped short as if struck with a sudden thought. 'Ah, I have it, just the thing!' he shouted, and he rushed out into the hall toward the chapel, Hawkins following, for he feared for his mistress' safety. What was his horror to see his master walk into the sacristy, take down Father Dominic's robe and proceed to fling it on over his shoulders, drawing the cowl carefully over his face! Hawkins stood like a log. He knew now what Master Rupert was about to do, before he saw him glide softly into the confessional where my lady knelt, waiting to open her innermost thoughts to his jealous scrutiny."

"But what a terrible position for Hawkins, Mrs. Fairbanks! What did he do?"

"Terrible doesn't begin to express it! My mother used to say that Hawkins was never the same man from that day. You see, he was in a tight place; he dared not reveal himself to his master in his present state of excitement, nor could he betray the scandal to any other member of the household. All he could do was to pace up and down the anter-room, wondering what was going on in that secret place behind the drawn curtains. Suddenly he heard the door open softly, and, looking up, he saw Father Dominic himself walk into the sacristy, glance in astonishment at the empty hook, and then walk swiftly toward the confessional.

"It was a minute before Hawkins could pull himself together. He had not once thought of this probable outcome of the tragedy. With terror of the coming revelation, he sprang forward to intercept him, but he was too late. Father Dominic lifted the curtain, and my lady, glancing up, startled by the interruption, saw his face. She sprang to her feet, staring dazedly from one quiet figure to the other. She drew her hand across her forehead in a bewildered way, then suddenly darted forward and tore the cowl from the other's face. When she saw what it revealed she gave a shriek of horror and sank down at his feet!"

"Not dead!" I exclaimed, quite overcome by this startling development.

"Yes, stone dead! She never breathed again. It was her heart, the doctor said, and true enough, hadn't she had enough to break a heart of granite?"

"Oh, please go on, Mrs. Fairbanks. What happened next?"

The housekeeper shook her head mournfully.

"There isn't much more to tell. Hawkins said as how he held his breath as the two men faced each other, both so white and stern. His master's eyes had lost their wild glare, they had a look of agony as they met those of the priest, and his hands had been clenched so fiercely that they had left the marks of the nails in his palms. He caught the priest fiercely by the arm. 'Is it true,' he whispered, hoarsely, 'what she confessed here at my feet, that she was trying to make me care for her—I that worshiped her—night and morning she prayed for this—it was the hope of her life?' The priest bowed his head solemnly.

"'Too true, dear saint! Sometimes she was almost disheartened by your coldness toward her, but she never quite despaired.'

"The master fell back as if he had been struck a blow.

"'My God! and I had to sit silent for fear of revealing myself, and now it is too late! Strike me, priest, where I stand, a blasphemous hound. Do you hear? You will not! Your sacred calling forbids it, eh? But it would not have spared you from my hand. I came here to kill you, and now I have slain her, the innocent lamb! A life for a life, your Bible says'—and before the priest could prevent him he drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself through the heart."

In the silence that followed the somber close of the housekeeper's story I turned once more to the portrait of Saint Elizabeth, wondering whether she had at last found compensation for her short life's tragedy. A pale sunbeam that broke through the clouds just then, touched the bowed girlish head as with the halo omitted by the painter; that was my question's only answer.

GIVE HIM THE HAT.

Summer Lying Opens with a Bang Out in Kansas.

Kansas opens the season for hunting and fishing stories with a crash that makes other people sit up and take notice. Comrade Thomas B. Murdock, Ninth Kansas cavalry, who has been publishing the Eldorado (Kan.) Republican for 40 years, makes a long-distance and successful leap for the center of the stage by his story in reply to one by Owen Wister. Comrade Murdock turns to his war diary, and finds that in October, 1862, his company was at Fort Halleck, near Medicine Bow river. A mile or so northeast of the fort was a lake, which was nightly covered with wild fowls. Every night there would be an acre or so of them bunched together in the middle of the lake. Murdock and some of his comrades put in their time for days preparing for a hunting excursion. They had a mountain howitzer that held an even bushel. They swiped four boxes of ammunition from the quartermaster and took from each cartridge the lead slug and six buckshot it contained. They put the powder into a flour sack, and estimated that they had 706 Mississippi yager slugs and 4,200 buckshot. They pulled the howitzer out to the lake, and planted it so as to sweep the center, the muzzle being on a level with the water. A hurried survey showed them that there were about 17,000 ducks feeding in the moonlight, sweetly enjoying themselves and dreaming of no danger. When the lanyard was pulled the foundations of Medicine Bow mountain trembled. The boat was manned to gather up the booty, while two of the boys rushed back to the fort for a six-mule team to haul in the game. As a good soldier, Comrade Murdock had to make a careful count of the matter turned into the commissary, and he gives this as the result:

Canada geese	162
White geese	147
Brants	184
Mallards	263
Canvas backs	134
Blue bills	40
Pin tails	27
Teels	100
Unknown geese	172
Unknown ducks	292
Sandhill cranes	7
Fly-up-the-creeks	18
Grand total	1,546

And it should be recalled that the shot brought a sea of speckled trout to the surface of the water which were gathered up and taken to the fort. The Ben Holaday stage line, as far east as Virginia Dale and as far west as the North Platte river, was bountifully supplied with ducks, geese and mountain trout the next day, to the delight of the overland travel. As the Eagle man knows nothing about war, we will inform him that when the geese and ducks had all been picked, each soldier in the Kansas cavalry company had a pillow. We have ours yet.

The Father of His Country

By FRANK E. CHASE.

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It would have been a striking spectacle upon a New England country road, and it lacked its due effect under its present circumstances only because, as far as the eye could reach over the treeless and illimitable prairie, there was not a living creature in sight to behold it. It was a caravan of three vehicles, drawn by sorry-looking teams of horses. One clumsy wagon, covered with a tilt that had once been white, was the prototype of the "prairie schooner" of later days. The others were gaudily painted vans, boldly inscribed with the legend:

PROF. TODHUNTER'S GREAT MORAL WAX WORKS.

Day after day, week after week, it had crawled along over the untraveled plains, toward the golden promise of California. The railroads which now make this journey a trifling affair had not then been built to simplify the managerial problem, but in managerial energy the dauntless Todhunter was ahead of his time, and he did not permit mere difficulties to stand between him and the professional rewards of the new Eldorado. There were, besides, compensations. He had exhibited, with varying fortune, as long as there were settlements to provide audiences, and if the pace of his little procession was that of a snail, it characteristically carried its house along with it, for the canvas-covered cart bore all his household—his wife and two children. Altogether, his progressive domesticity had been a rather pleasant business, his closet containing but one skeleton—the noble redman. But now the end of his long journey was near at hand, and the dread of this peril of the road had all but worn itself out and given place to a pleasant sense of security.

Thus it was with him in the afternoon of an oppressive day when, all at once, the horses, guided by some instinct, suddenly pricked up their ears and quickened their weary pace, and the driver on the foremost wagon, looking ahead, saw the tree-tops that told of water and a camping place. He announced the long-hoped-for discovery without excitement.

"There y'are, guv'nor—right ahead," he called out, lazily.

Prof. Todhunter rose up at the sound from the seat of the tilt-wagon at the rear of the caravan, and from this elevation peered ahead under his hand without speaking. As he did so the curtains behind him parted and a woman's face looked out.

"What is it, Bill?" she said.

"Mathias seen suthin'," replied her husband, still staring intently ahead.

"Not Injuns?" she asked, anxiously.

At this word two children, a boy of 12 and a little girl, appeared at either side of her.

"No, not Injuns, M'ria," he said, reassuringly. "God's country ag'in. Trees. An' grass. Giddap!" And sitting down again he smote his horses a leisurely and impersonal blow with the reins, at which they slightly quickened their pace.

"Ain't they goin' to be no Injuns, pop?" said the boy, an active lad, brown of skin and resolute of eye.

"You don't wanter see no Injuns, Sam," replied the father.

"Yes, I do," said the boy, sturdily. "That's all I come for."

Prof. Todhunter chuckled proudly at this as the boy climbed to a seat at his side and looked sharply about him after the manner ascribed by his favorite writers of fiction to that justly celebrated connoisseur of Indians, Comanche Dick.

Suddenly, far away to the north, his roving eye caught sight of a moving speck crawling like a fly along the line of the horizon. Soon another speck appeared, then another and another. As the boy gazed breathlessly at this phenomenon, which was eloquent with meaning to the faithful student of the career of Long Tom the Scout, the professor's satisfaction at the prospect of camping expressed itself in a quavering, but resonant scrap of a half-forgotten hymn, more or less appropriate to the circumstances of his approaching deliverance:

He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

A violent nudge from Sam, who was pointing in speechless excitement at the ominous signs in the north, interrupted his song at this point, and he looked inquiringly in the direction the lad indicated. Though he lacked the second-hand experience of his gifted offspring, it did not take him long to make up his mind.

"Injuns!" he ejaculated; and his energetic "whoa!" sufficed to bring the entire caravan to a standstill. The creak of the axles had hardly ceased when, as if by magic, the moving specks entirely disappeared from the horizon.

Sam's vast, if wholly vicarious, experience of western life easily enabled him to read these signs aright, and he expounded their meaning with obvious pride to the excited little council that was gathered about Prof. Todhunter. The Indians had been watching them and knew by the stopping of the wagons they had been observed. They numbered a score or more, and must have been headed for the water-course ahead.

Prof. Todhunter's first idea was to push on and gain, if possible, the shelter of the trees before attempting to withstand the inevitable attack, but he had not gone far when the Indians reappeared so much nearer than before that it became evident that there would be no time for this. In the clear air of the plains he could now see them with some distinctness, although they were still three or four miles away. It was clear that with the overwhelming odds of at least ten to one in their favor they would not wait until night, but that they were planning an open attack which could not be delayed for more than fifteen or twenty minutes, even if the caravan were to be kept moving at its best speed. There would thus be no time to reach shelter, and there was no other cover in sight—only rolling prairie with low knolls rising here and there from its own face.

So he again called a halt, and summoned his little fighting force of two men and a boy.

"Boys," said he, slowly, "we've got ter take keer of ourselves the best way we kin, an' there ain't much time ter spare. This ain't much of a pitch for Todhunter's Great Moral Wax Works, but my rule is to allus give the best show I kin fer the money, an' please the public."

And Matthias, whose professional relation to the entertainment when on exhibition was that of ticket taker, responded with a dismal grin:

"Well, guv'nor, this'll be the fust time I ever tried to let in all the deadheads I could."

Their arrangements were soon made. The professor chose a spot near at hand where his movements were concealed by a knoll, and then hastily arranged his three wagons in a triangle with the horses in the center, barricading his wife and little girl behind a wall of bedding and supplies within the tilt cart. Sam was sternly counted out of the defending party, to his absolute despair. Nothing but an adroit appeal to his chivalry had kept him from absolute revolt.

"No, Sam," Todhunter had finally said; "you stay in the cart with your ma an' sister, an' take keer o' them."

There were precedents for this sort of thing among the myriad experiences of Comanche Dick, so Sam reluctantly yielded. This left an effective garrison of three men, opposed to an attack from perhaps ten times that number. There were plenty of guns, to be sure, and the Indian of the fifties was only occasionally supplied with that weapon, and still employed very largely the aboriginal bow and arrow, but the odds were fearfully against the attacked.

The professor finally broke the anxious silence:

"Ef we could only have reached cover," he said. "Then they couldn't have told whether we was three or thirty; but out here we can't make no show at all."

"Sam 'ud count one for looks," suggested Matthias; "an' he's 'bout as safe out here as in the cart."

"Bully for you, Mat," cried the quick-eared lad, thrusting out his head. "Lemme come out, pop. I kin fire a gun jest as well as if I was growed up." In another instant he had climbed down among the men.

"Ah, Sammy," said his father, patting him proudly on the head, "you're a good one, but you're only one, and we want ten."

Sam was looking at the legend on one of the wax-works vans, and his face was luminous with an idea.

"B'gosh! we've got 'em!" he cried.

Todhunter stared.

"Yes, we've got 'em," shouted the lad. "What's the matter with George Washington?" And he pointed at the van.

Forty years later the trio would have automatically responded: "He's all right," but the formula was as yet unborn. But Sam's meaning was clear to them at once. The idea of a free performance of Todhunter's Great Moral Wax Works was repugnant to the managerial mind of the professor, but its utility under the circumstances was obvious to him.

It was an inspiration, and with desperate haste all hands set about carrying it into effect. In a twinkling the vans had been opened and a great variety of celebrities, both of peace and war, had been unwrapped and prepared for action. Their uniform cheerfulness of expression brought solid encouragement to the hearts of the little garrison. They looked so human and appeared so calm and confident and unterrified that fear seemed contemptible beside their magnificent example. They were very generally clad in military uniforms, which gave a certain sense of protection through association of ideas. In a very short time they had been effectively bestowed.

The post of honor was assigned, at Sam's suggestion, to George Washington, who was propped up in a conspicuous position at the junction of the two vans, facing the direction of attack. At a commanding height above the driver's seat of the van he stood boldly forth as the ostensible leader of the defense. A set expression of vast benevolence which the artist, from patriotic motives, had given to his countenance, and an aspect of supernatural calmness in a position of greatest peril, were well calculated to impress his opponents.

Below him, peering out between the wagons, looked the stern face of Oliver Cromwell, to whom the artist had given a mien of contrasting truculence and unyielding resolution. At the other end of the van, next the tilt cart, stood Napoleon I., with folded arms and an air of command, the breeze toying with his characteristic beauty-lock, which rose and fell upon his forehead with a menacing effect, like the hair upon a dog's back. Below him was disposed a protean effigy, representing variously any malicious criminal that chanced to occupy public attention for the time being. A countenance of singular brutality, heightened by bushy eyebrows and a rough shave, formed a combination calculated to appall the stoutest heart.

Benjamin Franklin dominated the third angle, bearing in one hand a Leyden jar, at which he gazed with an abstraction that under the circumstances was sufficiently remarkable. Below him stood the duke of Wellington, presenting a somewhat insignificant appearance in his relatively sheltered situation between the carts. His cocked hat was not, however, without a certain effect. The classic features of William Shakespeare, flanked by Queen Elizabeth and Benedict Arnold, looked bravely forth above one of the vans, while Lucretia Borgia, her essentially masculine traits reinforced on either hand by the counterfeit presentments of Grimaldi and Daniel Lambert, effectively manned the other. Lindley Murray, Lord Byron and the poet Cowper bestrode the tent covering of the wagon beneath which looked forth the seductive countenance of Mary, Queen of Scots, while as many minor celebrities as could be accommodated were set up in a strategic semi-circle before the wagons, where they amply corroborated the claim of Prof. Todhunter's small bills in being "as large as life and twice as natural."

Behind this fraudulent array was stationed the living garrison, with such skill as Prof. Todhunter's limited experience could command.

"The Injuns are bound to aim at their heads or hearts, boys," he cautioned; "so keep your heads well below the figgers' waists."

And after this fashion they were stationed: The professor behind Napoleon I., over whose hip his rifle was leveled, Matthias on the ground behind the petticoats of Mary, Queen of Scots, while the other driver found in the burly figure of Cromwell the sense of moral and material support that he required. Little Sam had arrogantly seized upon the post of greatest honor, behind the bulging calves of the Father of His Country. Thus far, all these preparations had been screened by the knoll from the sight of the approaching Indians, who, hoping to instantly terrorize the three lonely drivers into submission, came galloping over the rise at full speed, and were taken wholly by surprise by the appearance of these unexpected reinforcements. As they swerved sharply on the down slope they let fly a shower of arrows at their waxen opponents, and received in reply a volley that made one "good Indian" and partly made another. George Washington, by his attorney, the disciple of Comanche Dick, fired the first shot, with a result that would have been a credit to either hero, and Sam was proudly conscious of having made a successful debut as an Indian fighter.

The professor cautioned his men to lie low and await their opponent's second attack and when the Indians again charged round the knoll they were met with a second deadly volley. By this time the wax works presented a curious spectacle. An arrow had torn through the calm countenance of Shakespeare, lending to his features the appearance of a derisive smile; but he had not so much as winked. Oliver Cromwell had received three arrows through his heart and had lost an ear, but had suffered no abatement of his truculent mien, as was, perhaps, not unnatural. George Washington, as the ostensible leader of the defense, had been given especial attention and resembled nothing so much as a human pin-cushion. Like the rest, he bore his hurts with an easy nonchalance. The spectacle they afforded of heroic endurance and supernatural vitality would have staggered the most intelligent beholder; to a superstitious savage, it was simply appalling.

Loading as quickly as possible, the little garrison awaited the next onslaught, which proved to be a flank movement. Hastily shifting their positions, the well-masked quartet checked this advance with a third volley, but as the Indians swept by the battered array of waxen notabilities and noted the cheerful invulnerability of their unprecedented foes, a panic fell upon them. It was not a repulse, it was an utter rout, and with a wild howl of superstitious terror, they fled in disorder over the knoll and disappeared.

After an anxious interval, Prof. Todhunter ventured to reconnoiter the top of the knoll. Nothing was to be seen save a cloud of dust rapidly receding into the north. The marvels of Todhunter's Great Moral Wax Works had been too much for the savage mind. And when their owner and exhibitor turned and beheld them, his heart, too, almost failed him.

But the managerial mind is full of resources, and nothing in California that fall made such a hit as Todhunter's Great Moral Wax Works, "pierced by the arrows of the hostile red-man," as the bills announced, more profitable in such dilapidation than ever before. With the few figures that had escaped damage artfully impaled by the spare arrows collected from the battle-field, the lay-out made a terrific picture of savage ferocity. And Sam told the story of the fight nightly to crowded houses at advanced rates, with their silent corroboration, and when asked about the Indians, used to say, to great laughter and applause, that he didn't believe they had stopped running yet.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—A small barn belonging to Thomas Baker of Ormsby, was destroyed by fire Sunday night. A horse, three dogs, two buggies and a ton of hay were burned and the loss will amount to several hundred dollars with no insurance. It is said that opinions are afloat around Ormsby that the fire was of incendiary origin and was the result of a dark plot. As yet no arrests have been made.

—Early Saturday morning yeggmen made an unsuccessful attempt to blow open the vault at the Shawmut depot in Olean. Two explosions aroused people in the neighborhood and the theives made their escape leaving their tools behind. The explosions instead of opening the doors had a tendency to wedge them tighter together and no booty was secured. O. H. Kane, formerly of Smethport is in charge of the Olean station.

—Since we published an article relative to careless automobile driving, last week, we have been asked by several drivers and owners of cars, who we meant the article for, and for the benefit of all we will say that it was not intended for any one driver or owner in particular, but for all who drive recklessly on the streets of Smethport. Since getting the pavement it is not unusual to see a car going along Main street at a dangerous rate of speed and we think it is time all took warning before some child is made a sacrifice to the speed mania.

—We are in receipt of a letter from the attorneys for the Singer Sewing Machine Co., stating that a part of our article relative to W. Swartz, in our last issue of July 15, is untrue and would tend to do them an injustice. The part objected to is that he was the victim of a "peculiar system." We have no desire to do the company any injustice. The system referred to by the friend of Mr. Swartz, who is a former employe of this company, is a liberal one if not overstepped. This system is merely allowing agents to get behind in their settlements with the company when their commissions are not sufficient to meet their expenses and make it up when business is better. Mr. Swartz, according to statements of his friends, did this and did not make good when the proper time came and therefore he became the victim of an otherwise good system.

If you have pains in the back, weak back, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you and if you send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

The Lock Haven Normal School has graduated 2200 students and has educated 2500 other young people who are now successful men and women. It has a splendid record for thoroughness, discipline and healthfulness. Lock Haven is situated almost in the centre of the beautiful West Branch Valley. It is easily accessible. Write for a catalog.

Campbell's Stains and Floor Finish are guaranteed by the makers to give perfect satisfaction. You can refinish floors, furniture and interior woodwork with these stains and the results will come up to your expectations. Prepared in all colors. Dry hard over night. J. C. Hamlin will tell you all about them.

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

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The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly. They are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

The Land of Cain.

Labrador, according to a local tradition which the gleaners of folklore consider of much importance, is the land to which Cain was banished after the murder of Abel. That country, according to the legend, was cursed by God with perpetual silence on the day when it was granted to the first murderer. Certain it is that the whole region has been silent and desolate ever since it was first known to white men.

Bangkok.

The town of Bangkok is largely afloat, the houses being built on rafts of bamboo.

The Fohn Wind.

When the fohn wind blows in some parts of Switzerland the natives are not allowed to make any fires or light candles. A conflagration would be unmanageable.

IDLY WANDERING.

When the Overwrought Worker Cuts Loose From Care.

When a business man suffers from overstrain or a student from overwork sometimes, instead of taking to bed, he disappears. Suddenly he is missing, all trace of him lost. His family and friends invariably fear the worst. They imagine he has met with accident and is lying unconscious in a hospital or has parted with his wits and is confined in an asylum or has even taken his own life.

These things are all possible, but the probable thing is none of them. The probable thing is that the overwrought man has yielded to a natural impulse and instinctively has sought a cure by becoming a wanderer for the time. He has put the cares of the old life behind him and with them the people that recall the old life and has given himself up to the healing of the road. To drift with no well defined object, to see strange places and faces, ever to answer the call of the beyond—"die ferne," as the Germans call it—is more than a dream lying somewhere in the back of every man's mind, where it was lodged by some ancestor of the nomad period. It is one of nature's own remedies for the worries of life.

For the man with a great sorrow, for the man with a troubled conscience, for the man whose nerves are not treating him right, travel, change of scene, is one of the things the wise physician will prescribe. If it be a veritable tramp afoot the cure will be speedier and more complete and may work physical regeneration into the bargain.—New York Mail.

A FLOWER AND A WISH.

The Romantic Marriage of De Lesseps of Suez Canal Fame.

Sir Henry Brackenbury tells in Blackwood's Magazine the story of the romantic marriage of M. de Lesseps. A Frenchman living in Reunion was compelled by the illness of his wife to take her to France. He sailed with his wife and two young daughters, but the wife died on the voyage. Some time afterward the Frenchman called on M. de Lesseps, told him of his misfortunes and of his sufferings on the long sea voyage and expressed the wish to dedicate the remainder of his life to the furtherance of the construction of the Suez canal. De Lesseps gave him an appointment at Ismailia, and employment was found in one of the workshops there for his daughters.

One day De Lesseps' attention was attracted by these two girls, with whom he entered into conversation. He came again next day and gave to each of them a flower, saying that they should frame a wish the last thing at night and that if in the morning they found that the flowers had opened the wish would be granted.

On the following morning he went to their house and found one of the girls smiling, the other in tears. He asked the cause of the latter's sadness.

"My flower has not opened," she replied.

"Tell me your wish, so that if possible it may be granted," responded M. de Lesseps.

"Ah, to you least of all men I can tell it!" was her answer. The great engineer married her.

Chinese Dramatic Crudities.

Here is a sample of one of the naive bits of Chinese stage craft. Hom Ling, leading tragedian, playing the part of the younger son, renders a solo which means that the widow and orphans are going to the temple to celebrate funeral rites. The property man sets on the stage a little box for an altar and throws over the widow's head a white veil, symbol of mourning. Then, Hom Ling, as the younger son, waves his hands and kicks his foot like a man punting a football. This signifies that the rest of the family is out of his sphere of action. The scene has officially changed from a house to a temple. So, while the rest of the family kneels before the altar, Hom Ling strolls over and chats with one of the musicians who happens to be resting.—Everybody's Magazine.

What Forty Poles Make.

A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value. To the astonishment of those present a Polish gentleman arose and after accusing the professor of insulting his countrymen demanded an apology.

The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement. The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes forty poles to make one rood!"—London Mail.

The Amazon River.

Although not the largest or longest river, the Amazon is the most wonderful river in the world, with a mouth 150 miles in width and with a force of water that repels or at least overlays the ocean to a distance of more than fifty leagues. Yet in spite of the weight of the river the tide makes its influence felt for 500 miles from the coast. The easterly trade winds blow almost invariably upward, so as to be ready to help the vessel against the adverse currents.

In Disguise.

"Do you mean to say that you flirted with your wife all the evening at the masked ball and didn't know her?"

"That's right. But she was so deuced agreeable how was I to know her?"—Exchange.

BILL LANGE'S FEAT.

One of the Famous Old Outfielder's Sensational Catches.

The greatest individual feat ever performed was one by which Bill Lange saved a game for Chicago and $200 for himself in Washington in 1895. There is an odd story connected with the play. Lange had missed a train in Boston two days before, failed to reach New York in time to play there, and Anson had fined him $100. Thereupon he missed a train to Washington—arrived on the grounds after the teams had practiced and just in time to play, and for that Anson fined him another $100. The game that afternoon went eleven innings, Chicago scoring one run in the eleventh. There were two men out and a runner on the bases when "Kip" Selbach, then one of the hardest hitters in the business, smote the ball a terrific blow and sent it flying over Lange's head toward the center field fence. The hit seemed a sure home run, but Lange, a man weighing 225 pounds, turned and without looking sprinted desperately straight out toward the fence, racing with the flying ball. At the last instant, as the ball was going over his head, Lange leaped, stuck up both hands, turned a somersault and crashed against the fence. The boards splintered, one entire panel crashed outward, and out of the wreckage crawled Lange, holding the ball in his hand, and the crowd went mad. Lange came limping in; with the crowd standing on seats shouting, and he said to Anson, "Fines go, cap?" "Nope," said Anson, and the catch had saved the big fielder $200.—Hugh S. Fullerton in American Magazine.

ALL NIGHT BAKERIES.

Where New Yorkers Can Have Wants Supplied at Any Hour.

Among the many places of business of one and another sort that in a great city are kept open all night are bakeries.

The bakery is a peculiarly domestic business establishment, supplying mostly home wants, and as most people work days and sleep nights it might be supposed that there would be no occasion to keep bakeries open nights, but here, where with the city's manifold industries there must be a large number of people working at all times to keep things going, there are bakeries that do keep open and find trade at all hours.

Some of these all night bakeries have lunch room attachments, where people stop in to eat going to or from work, while others do a bakery business only. At either customers come in at all hours of the night to buy things to carry away, just as people do at any hour of the day, for the people who go to work at midnight or at 1, 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning want bread and bakery stuff before they go, just the same as do those who begin their labors at 7, 8 or 9, and there is likely to be in their neighborhood an all night open bakery where they can regularly supply their wants.

From 2 to 5 a. m. are the hours that mark low ebb in the all night bakery trade, but customers are dropping in all night long.—New York Sun.

The Bends.

On a tree grew apples green,
Little Willie, greeting them
With a grin, came on the scene
And was bent on eating them.
—Harper's Weekly.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot.

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.	
Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits.

Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

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We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one tha runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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A share of your patronage is solicited.

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and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the

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Smethport, Pa.

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when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

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